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MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Dec.
1909



Vol. XIII DECEMBER, 1909 No. 2

Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board
\$2.00 PER ANNUM



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IMPROVEMENT ERA, DECEMBER, 1909.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDWARD H. ANDERSON. } Editors

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The price of The Reorganized Church and the Question of Succession, by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., is, paper, 30 cents, not 20 cents per copy, as the types made us say in the notice in the November ERA.

If you do not get your ERA promptly, or miss it altogether, drop a card immediately to the office, and the trouble will find prompt remedy. Every subscriber is entitled to a Manual free.

Elizabeth G. Barney, renewing her subscription and writing from Cedar City, Utah, October 18, says: "To the Editor of the IMPROVEMENT ERA: With kindly greetings and hearty appreciation of its contents for the ennobling and uplifting of humanity, and two dollars for IMPROVEMENT ERA through our agent, Brother S. Leigh. Send senior manual. Sincerely your sister in the Gospel." Thanks.

Elder J. G. McKay, Kimberley, South Africa, writes enclosing several subscriptions to the ERA, and says: "The ERA is a splendid magazine, and is helping us in our work. Many prominent men are reading the numbers that come to this city, and pronounce it the cleanest and most wholesome periodical that they have ever read. We heartily concur in this good o-nion and say, Speed its Progress."

Elder Joseph W. Johnson, writing from Norrkoping, Sweden, October 18th, says: "The ERA is always a companion, a messenger of truth, and a comforter in discouragement. for us in the mission field. We wish it success. May it have more and more power for good among the youth of Israel."

Thanks for IMPROVEMENT ERA roll of honor. Accept lines suggested thereby. Respectfully your Brother,

JOS. ORTON.

St. George.

"Come, join the Roll of Honor;"
Don't be backward, boys,
'Twill much increase your knowledge
And improve your joys.
For Life is a mission of so short a stay
That who'd sip its honey must learn by the way.

Appreciation from Cache.—Logan, Utah, October 24th, 1909. President Heber J. Grant, Salt Lake City, Utah.—We appreciate very much the fact that the M. I. A. work on the ERA is up to the point where it was possible for you to send us your thanks and good wishes in this greatest of all work on earth, "the making of men of boys," and the salvation of souls.

Our season's work is now on with brighter prospects than ever before for one of the banner years for the ERA and the Y. M. M. I. A. work in general. We are impressing our boys with the watchwords of the season, "Inspire. Perspire or Expire."

There is no reason why any stake in all Zion should fail to get its five per cent subscription to the ERA, if they would work for it. It is one of the requirements of the General Board that I find easiest to fill, if it is properly looked after. If I had the time, I think I could place the ERA in every home in our stake. Every ward can do the same if they*will select men and boys who are full of faith and converted to the well-known fact that the ERA is the best magazine published in all the world.

We prize very much and shall file your autograph letter received on the 22nd inst., in our records, that it may be viewed by those who follow us in this great labor and work of love.

With good wishes, I remain your friend and brother,

A. E. CRANNEY,

Supt. Cache Stake.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 2.

Were They Crickets or Locusts, and When did They Come?

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE.

No summary of Utah history, be it ever so brief, is complete without a mention of the insect invasion by which the field crops were threatened with destruction soon after the arrival of the pioneer band of 1847. The incident is known in history as the "cricket plague," and is generally ascribed to the spring or early summer of 1848; though, as will be shown, the years immediately following were also plague years.

The chronicles of the times directly succeeding the arrival of the pioneers in the valley of the Great Salt Lake inform us that the first attempts to raise crops in the desert soil were but partly successful, owing to dearth of water and unseasonable frosts. Then, we are told, when the colonists were rejoicing in the promise of the first abundant yield, the fields were invaded by hosts of crickets that swarmed down from the hill-sides in devastating hordes. Against these devouring foes all efforts of the settlers seemed inadequate if not ineffective; and but for the onslaught of the gulls not a stalk of grain would have been left to mature.

For reasons that will become obvious as we proceed, the accounts of the occurrence, as recorded by historians of repute, are presented here in full.

Bancroft, in writing of the year 1848, gives space to the following:

The spring saw everybody busy, and soon there were many flourishing gardens, containing a good variety of vegetables. In the early part of March plowing commenced. The spring was mild and rain plentiful, and all expected an abundant harvest. But in the latter part of May, when the fields had put on their brightest green, there appeared a visitation in the form of vast swarms of crickets, black and baleful as the locust of the Dead Sea. In their track they left behind them not a blade or leaf, the appearance of the country which they traversed in countless and desolating myriads, being that of a land scorched by fire. They came in solid phalanx, from the direction of Arsenal Hill, darkening the earth in their passage. Men, women and children turned out *en masse* to combat this pest, driving them into ditches or on to piles of reeds, which they would set on fire, striving in every way, until strength was exhausted, to beat back' the devouring host. But in vain they toiled, in vain they prayed; the work of destruction ceased not, and the havoc threatened to be as complete as was that which overtook the land of Egypt in the last days of Israel's bondage. "Think of their condition," says Mr. Cannon, "the food they brought with them almost exhausted, their grain and other seeds all planted, they themselves twelve hundred miles from a settlement or place where they could get food on the east, and eight hundred miles from California, and the crickets eating up every green thing, and every day destroying their sole means of subsistence for the months and winter ahead."

I said they prayed in vain. Not so. For when everything was most disheartening and all effort spent, behold, from over the lake appeared myriads of snow-white gulls, their origin and their purpose alike unknown to the new comers. Was this another scourge God was sending them for their sins? Wait and see. Settling upon all the fields and every part of them, they pounced upon the crickets, seizing and swallowing them. They gorged themselves. Even after their stomachs were filled they still devoured them. On Sunday the people, full of thankfulness, left the fields to the birds, and on the morrow found on the edges of the ditches great piles of dead crickets that had been swallowed and thrown up by the greedy gulls. Verily the Lord had not forgotten to be gracious!

To escape the birds the crickets would rush into the lake or river, and thus millions were destroyed. Toward evening the gulls took flight and disappeared beyond the lake, but each day returned at sunrise, until the scourge was past. *Later, grasshoppers seem to have taken the place of crickets. They were of a kind popularly called iron-clad and did great mischief.**

* Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Utah*, pp. 279-281. Italics introduced by the present writer.

The account given by our own historian, Whitney, agrees in all essentials with Bancroft's statement, as will appear by comparing the foregoing with the following:

The opening of the spring of 1848 in Great Salt Lake City saw nearly seventeen hundred souls dwelling in upwards of four hundred log and adobe huts inside the "Old Fort." Over five thousand acres of land had been brought under cultivation, nearly nine hundred of which had been sown with winter wheat, the tender blades of which were now beginning to sprout.

* * * * *

But now came a visitation as terrible as unexpected. It was the cricket plague. In May and June of that year myriads of these destructive pests, an army of famine and despair, rolled in black legions down the mountain sides, and attacked the fields of growing grain. The tender crops fell an easy prey to their fierce voracity. They literally swept everything before them. Starvation with all its terrors seemed staring the poor settlers in the face. In the northern sections the situation was much the same, though at Brownville on the Weber, the ravages of the crickets were not so great.

With the energy of desperation, the community, men, women and children, thoroughly alarmed, marshaled themselves to fight, and if possible repel the rapacious foe. While some went through the fields, killing the crickets, and at the same time, alas! crushing much of the tender grain, others dug ditches around the farms, turned water into the trenches, and drove and drowned therein myriads of the black devourers. Others beat them back with clubs and brooms or burned them in fires set in the fields. Still they could not prevail. Too much headway had been gained by the crickets before the gravity of the situation had been discovered, and in spite of all the settlers could do, their hopes of a harvest were fast vanishing, and with those hopes the very hope of life.

They were saved, they believed, by a miracle,—just such a miracle as, according to classic tradition, saved ancient Rome, when the cackling of geese roused the slumbering city in time to beat back the invading Gauls. In the midst of the work of destruction, when it seemed as if nothing could stay the devastation, great flocks of gulls appeared, filling the air with their white wings and plaintive cries, and settled down upon the half ruined fields. At first it seemed as if they came but to destroy what the crickets had left. But their real purpose was soon apparent. They came to prey upon the destroyers. All day long they gorged themselves, and when full disgorged and feasted again, the white gulls upon the black crickets, like hosts of heaven and hell contending, until the pests were vanquished, and the people were saved. The heaven-sent

birds then returned to the lake islands whence they came, leaving the grateful people to shed tears of joy at the wonderful and timely deliverance wrought out for them.*

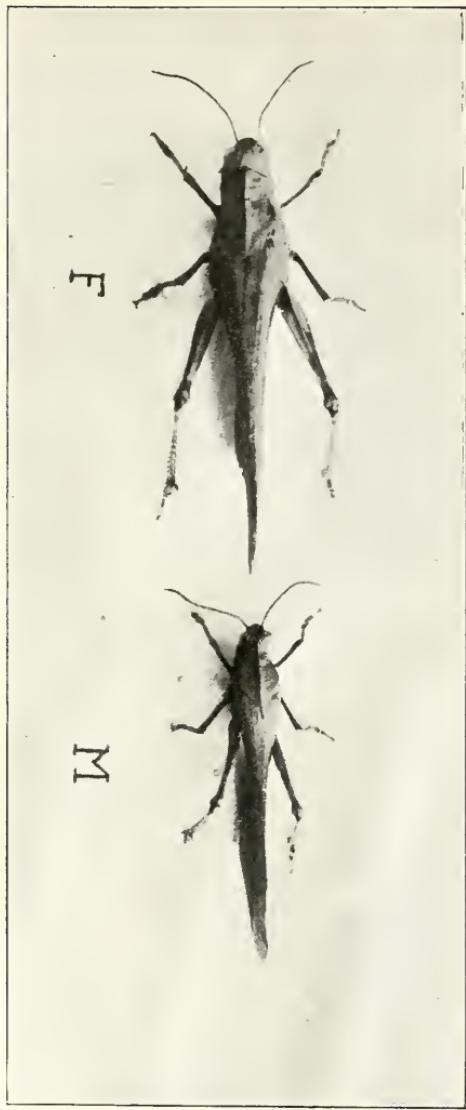
It will be observed that both the eminent authorities whose graphic accounts of the insect plague have been quoted, specify as the agents of destruction, crickets, not grasshoppers, nor locusts. To make this distinction clear is in part the purpose of this writing. Much of the popular literature of the day bearing on this subject ascribes the destructive visitation referred to above to locusts and grasshoppers. It is true that in subsequent years, many parts of Utah were subjected to the devastating visits of Rocky Mountain Locusts; and notably was this the case in 1854, '55, '67, '68 and '69; but no one who remembers the cricket plague of pioneer days confuses the two insects.

The Rocky Mountain Locust, also, though incorrectly, called the Western Grasshopper, is a winged insect belonging to the order of orthoptera, and known by the technical name *Caloptenus spretus*. This insect is fully as voracious and as much to be dreaded as is the cricket, but it belongs to an entirely different genus, and should not be confused with the cricket as the destroyer of the pioneer crops in Utah. The locust named is spoken of in the west as the ironclad grasshopper. The insect is shown in the accompanying plates, which are made from photographs of specimens captured near Salt Lake City during the last summer. Plate 1 shows the locust as seen from above (dorsal view) in a resting position; and Plate 2 shows the creature with wings expanded. Both male and female specimens are shown, and each picture is of life-size.

Compare this insect with the cricket shown on Plate 3, which is made from photographs of specimens taken near Eureka, Utah, in July last. This, the Rocky Mountain Cricket, is known among entomologists as *Anabrus simplex*, and is designated by several popular names, among which "Western Cricket" and "Mormon Cricket" are common. This is undoubtedly the insect of the plague incident to pioneer days. As shown in the photographs, it is practically wingless, and is, therefore, incapable of true flight.

* Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, vol. I, pp. 377-378.

Plate 1, Rocky Mountain Locust (*Calophasius spretus*); F, female; M, male; natural size; dorsal view.



It progresses by crawling and jumping, and is able to cover but a few feet at a single leap. Its voracious nature as an insatiate feeder is fully attested, and is in accord with the accounts of its devastating descent on the fields of Utah at the time of the plague. It is not a member of the locust family, nor, as a matter of strict fact, is it a true cricket; but as a cricket it is known, and by that name is generally designated. To be technically exact as to classification, we should describe it as a wingless katydid.

Plate 2; Rocky Mountain Locust (*Caloptenus spretus*); F, Female; M, male; natural size; wings expanded.





M



F

Plate 3; Rocky Mountain Cricket, (*Anabrus simplex*); M, male; F, Female; natural size; dorsal view.

Our present purpose, however, is not that of detailed description of either crickets or locusts; our inquiry has to do with the identity of the insect concerned in the early plague visitation. It may appear from the agreement of the authorities quoted on this point that there is no question to be settled. However, there is confusion in the literature of the subject, as the following will demonstrate. A communication recently addressed to the writer

by a distinguished member* of the State Audubon Society of Ohio, specified a number of conflicting statements culled from different publications, as to the insect of the early Utah plague, and asked for definite information in the matter.

In Whitney's *History of Utah* (vol. I, p. 377) appears the following description of the insect causing the destruction, as given by an eye-witness of the invasion:

Says Anson Call: "The Rocky Mountain cricket, as now remembered, when full grown, is about one and a half inches in length, heavy and clumsy in its movements, with no better power of locomotion than hopping a foot or two at the time. It has an eagle-eyed, staring appearance, and suggests the idea that it may be the habitation of a vindictive little demon."

Certainly this is not a description of the locust; but it fits very well the Rocky Mountain Cricket. In the italicized part of the quotation from Bancroft it is seen that the author named distinguishes between the cricket invasion and the later visitations of grasshoppers,—more properly, locusts.

Now let us inquire as to the date of the cricket plague in Utah. The year 1848 is the time specified in practically all published histories of early pioneer experiences in Utah, and it will be noted that both Bancroft and Whitney, hereinbefore cited, accept that date as correct. The same is true of Tullidge † and others.‡ This uniformity may be explained by the fact that later authors have followed the earlier chronicles. As evidence of the fact that a cricket invasion occurred in 1849 the following extract from the *Deseret Evening News* of July 20, 1907, is of value. Aside from

* The gentleman referred to is Mr. William Hubbell Fisher, of Cincinnati, O. He was preparing an address on the usefulness of birds, and had secured a number of pictures illustrative of the habits of the gulls in Utah. As these pages go to press, the writer is grieved by the announcement of Mr. Fisher's death. He has gone hence leaving his pleasant and self-assumed task unfinished.

† Edward W. Tullidge, *History of Salt Lake City*, (1886) p. 52.

‡ See Jenson's *Historical Record*, vol. V, No. 1 p. 12; also *Juvenile Instructor*, vol. IX, No. 2, p. 22.

its definite specification of 1849 as a year marked by cricket deprivations, the excerpt is interesting as further proof that the destroying insects were crickets, and not grasshoppers nor locusts:

President Joseph F. Smith is among those who vividly remembers the coming of the gulls and their work in ridding the fields of crickets. "I drove an ox team into Salt Lake valley," he says, in an interview, "on September 23, 1848, and we made our winter camp on Mill creek, half a mile west of Neff's mill. After remaining there during the winter, we moved in the spring of 1849 farther down into the valley, and commenced plowing. We planted thirty acres of grain, the field consisting of barley, oats and wheat, and it began to come up very nicely. Then the crickets came. They were not the grasshoppers with which you are familiar, but big, black crickets, much more ugly and repulsive. They came sweeping from the bench lands down upon our crops in great hordes, and we almost despaired of being able to raise anything. We were living at that time in our wagons, the boxes having been lifted down from the gears in order to make our homes. A day or two after the cricket army came, the air became filled with an innumerable number of gulls. They came from the lake to the west, and after they had alighted on the grain, what before had been a swarming expanse of black, became now a field of snowy white, so crowded were the birds together."

President Smith has graciously complied with a request for a further statement of his personal experiences in connection with the cricket plague; and his courteous response is given below in full. It will be seen that the President speaks specifically of separate visitations of the insect pests in 1849 and 1850.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, October 28th, 1909.

Dr. J. E. Talmage, City:

DEAR BROTHER:—In reply to yours of 22nd inst., I wish to say: I came into the Salt Lake Valley on Sept. 23rd, 1848, having driven my ox team from the Missouri River to the fort on what is now Pioneer Square. We remained in the fort for several weeks and then removed to Mill Creek, near where John Neff's mill was subsequently built. I remember distinctly eating parched corn and roasting ears from the corn grown during that season. The planting of 1848 must have been extremely limited. In the early spring of 1849 we removed from Mill Creek and pitched our tents just below what is now known as the old County Road, not far above Wandamere Park, and began to plow and plant, and sow our grain. Later, when the grain sprang up, the fields were besieged

by vast hordes of black crickets, which seemed to devour everything before them. Our grain fields were hidden from view, when, suddenly, the gulls, in numberless flocks, descended upon the fields and devoured the crickets. These birds would gorge themselves with crickets to the utmost, and would then line up on the water ditches and disgorge; only to begin their work of devouring the crickets again. This process continued until the fields were entirely cleared of the terrible pests; we then succeeded in raising a fair crop.

We were literally preserved from starvation by the welcome visits and persistent efforts in the destruction of the devouring hordes by these beautiful winged saviors, which we esteemed as the providence of God.

The following year we were again threatened with the destruction of our crops by the terrible crickets, but were again delivered in the same manner as the year before, and from year to year for many seasons, we were visited by flocks of gulls, in search of crickets, until the latter seemed to have been almost, if not entirely, extinguished.

My recollections of these events are extremely vivid, as I learned to look upon our deliverance wrought by the gulls as a most merciful providence in our behalf. There are those who claim to remember that the valley was also visited in 1848 by the cricket scourge, but for some reason I do not remember of having heard of it until within recent years.

With very kind regards, I am,
Yours truly,

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Among the colonists still living who arrived in the valley during the later months of 1848, is President Francis M. Lyman, who came as a boy not quite nine years old. The following letter from President Lyman is self-explanatory:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, October, 21st, 1909.

Dr. J. E. Talmage, City:

DEAR BROTHER:—In reply to your inquiry as to the date of the cricket plague in Utah, I have pleasure in making the following statement:

The cricket plague, which figures so conspicuously in Utah history—the plague that threatened the entire destruction of crops, which calamity was averted by the interference of the gulls, was a feature of May and June, 1849, though an earlier visitation may have occurred in 1848.

I arrived in Salt Lake valley in the fall of 1848. I was then in the ninth year of my age. During the spring and early summer of the year following my arrival, crickets swarmed down upon the

fields. With the rest of the population—men, women and children,—I took part in the work of fighting the pests; and I well remember the general rejoicing incident to the onslaught of the gulls. The birds came from the west and north, in flocks so thick that when they alighted they seemed literally to cover the ground. They feasted on the black crickets from morning till evening. When filled to repletion, the birds would drink at the ditches, and then would disgorge and feed again. For several days the birds came with the rising sun; and about sunset each evening would go to their rest on the lake shore and islands. The people were saved from impending starvation by this miraculous interference; and the event, as witnessed by myself, occurred in the spring and early summer of 1849.

Trusting that this will be a satisfactory reply, I am,

Truly your brother,

FRANCIS M. LYMAN.

Patriarch John Smith is numbered among the arrivals of 1848. To a specific inquiry presented by the writer, the venerable patriarch courteously replied as follows:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, October 28th, 1909.

Dr. J. E. Talmage, City:

In regard to the date of the cricket plague in Utah I can say this: I arrived in this valley in the fall of 1848, and heard from the settlers who were already here that the crickets had destroyed part of the crops in the spring of that year, and that the gulls had come and destroyed the crickets. From my own knowledge I can say that the crickets came in great numbers in the spring of 1849, and that the gulls came and destroyed the crickets on the fields. In the spring of 1850 the crickets were even more numerous, and again the gulls came to the rescue. The years of the cricket plague in this valley were 1848, 1849, and 1850.

Truly your brother,

JOHN SMITH.

Another of the early colonists, who had personal experience in fighting crickets in this valley, is Bishop Joseph S. Tanner, at present a resident of Payson, Utah. In a letter dated October 23, 1909, Bishop Tanner states, in answer to the present writer's inquiry, that he arrived in Salt Lake Valley, in September, 1848, and was at that time fifteen years old. He says he distinctly remembers that crickets threatened the crops in both 1849 and

1850, and that in each of these years gulls devoured the insect invaders and thus saved a large part of the crops. Bishop Tanner states that as he was informed the suffering caused by the crickets was greater in 1848 than in either of the two years following, but this was due to the greater scarcity of food material. He believes that the crickets were more numerous in 1849 and 1850, than in 1848; but the greater supplies of foodstuffs during the later years made these less memorable as years of cricket devastation. The Bishop closes his communication with these words: "The gulls came back each year in the providence of God, or we would not have saved anything."

Another witness qualified to give evidence based on personal knowledge is our aged brother, James Lawson, now living at 129 North Second West Street, Salt Lake City. He says he arrived in September, 1847, at which time he was twenty-seven years of age. He remembers the trouble caused by crickets in 1848, and regards this year as the worst in point of privation due to the insect plague. He states, however, that crickets invaded the fields in 1849 and 1850, and that in each of the three years the gulls saved the crops from what threatened to be total destruction.

It would seem that the evidence presented is sufficient to prove that the cricket plague of pioneer days was not confined to a single season, but was a feature of the spring months of 1848, 1849, and 1850. In each of these years the gulls were the means by which the crops were spared in part.

SUMMARY.

1. The insect by which the early pioneer crops were threatened was the Rocky Mountain Cricket, not the locust.
2. Cricket visitations occurred in 1848, 1849, and 1850, during May and June of each year.
3. The plague was lessened and in part averted each year through the instrumentality of the gulls.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

How the Lord was Good to Aunt Johanna.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.

The house stood well back from the road, allowing the apple orchard nearly to surround it. A broad driveway led from the road up through the trees to the front door. There was no lawn, but a bed of chrysanthemums and dahlias bordered the walk and extended half way around the house. Ivy clung to the adobe walls. The gray house, broad path, the gay flowers, and the trees laden with red and yellow fruit,—all lay peacefully reposing in the pearly haze of an autumn afternoon.

An elderly woman sat on the front porch knitting. Her white hair and deeply furrowed face glowed in the light of the western sun, which crept under the limbs of an apple tree standing so near to the house that it leaned caressingly over the porch. Every few moments the woman looked up from her knitting and down the road; and when she saw the dust of an approaching horseman, a half mile away, she slowly arose from her chair and limped down the path.

The rural mail carrier soon rode up and handed her a parcel saying, "Only a paper today."

"No letter?"

"No letter this time, Aunt Johanna. We'll hope for better luck tomorrow."

He rode off, and the woman stood looking after him as she leaned heavily on the gate post. Presently she walked slowly back to the porch, resumed her seat, but not her knitting. She pressed her head against the cushion on the back of her chair, closed her

eyes, and became very still. The sun sank lower and then disappeared behind the western mountains.

A middle aged woman, wrapped in a big, blue work apron, appeared in the doorway from within. "Johanna," she said, "it is getting cold out here. You had better come in."

The gray-haired knitter gave a little startled shiver, then arose and followed her sister into the house.

"There was no letter again today, Rose," she moaned, as she stood in the kitchen doorway. "I don't know what to think. The poor boy must be sick, an' alone, an'—I don't know what."

"Not a bit of it, Johanna," replied the other woman cheerily. "He's just too busy, or he's been moved to another conference. My boy, Thomas, didn't write for nearly two months once because he was moved about so, and hadn't any sure address to send me. Besides letters *do* get lost sometimes. Quite a number of Thomas's never reached us. So don't get discouraged, sister. Sit here while I get a little wood for morning. Why, I declare, your hands are like ice! You must have got chilly out there. The bread's in the oven, but I'll be back in a few minutes."

When Rose came back, she found Johanna sitting by the stove, looking at the fire through the grate. "There," said the younger sister, as she threw the wood with a clatter into a box, back of the stove, "that will last you for two or three days. Now I'll get you a bite of supper, and then I must go home. John and the boys will soon be back from the field as hungry as bears."

"Rose," said the other, "it's kind of you—all this is, when you've such a lot of work of your own to do; but the Lord will repay you,—and Seaton, when he returns."

"Tut, tut," replied Rose impatiently, "I can surely do this much for a sister who is not well, and whose only son is on a mission."

The table was soon set, and Rose would have gone, but she saw that her sister was unusually disturbed, so she sat down by the table for a few minutes.

"I have just finished my second pair of stockings for him," remarked Johanna, "but how shall I send them to him, if he doesn't write and give his address? He'll need them soon, when the cold weather comes. An' then, there's the Christmas box to

be got ready. He did so want to get some of my dried apples, he said, and I have a bag of the best to send him."

"Oh, you have plenty of time to do that. You must remember that it doesn't take so long now to get to England as it did when we came over in a sailing ship. Two or three weeks is ample time."

"But it takes time to get the packages ready, and into the office in Salt Lake. Then it depends on whether or not a company is going, and if there is room in any of their trunks. There are a good many things to consider, but—but I wouldn't care for these things, if I only knew that he was well."

"No news is good news, Johanna."

"Sometimes it is. I hope he got the last money I sent him. He said he would need an overcoat and some other things. It takes a lot of money now to keep a boy on a mission. It doesn't seem to me that you sent Tommy so much money."

"Fifteen dollars a month furnished Thomas with everything, and I don't see what Seaton does with twenty-five and sometimes thirty."

"Times must have changed. Anyhow, I wouldn't have my boy a-wanting anything, even if I have to sacrifice some comforts. He's out in the Lord's work, bless him, and if his old mother can help him, she's going to. . . . The apples are ready to pick, and they will bring a good price. I think he ought to have a little extra for Christmas—but you must be going now, I'm feeling better."

After her sister had left, Johanna slowly finished her supper. Then she cleared away the few dishes; took the bread out of the oven, and put a few orderly touches to the kitchen. With her lighted lamp she went into a small bed room. It was her son Seaton's when he was at home. But shortly after he had gone on his mission, she had moved into it, as she thought it more comfortable than her own. She placed the lamp on the bureau, and the light fell on a large unframed photograph standing on a stack of books. It was of a group of elders in missionary attire. Seaton was the third from the right, in the front row. He was dressed, as were the others, in a long "Prince Albert" coat and a tall silk hat. They were a lot of fine looking men, as everybody could see.

"Doesn't he look fine?" muttered the mother, as she gazed at the picture. "Reminds me of his father—all but the 'stove-pipe' hat. That would hardly have suited him, out here in the early days of the farm. But Seaton—well, the new generation *ought* to be better than the old, or else where's the improvement. The fathers were the founders, the rough stones of the foundation, as it were; the sons are the finishers of the great gospel structure, and now ornamentation as well as stability is needed. Yes, the hat is all right for Seaton."

Johanna opened a drawer, and drew forth a package of letters. She looked them over, opened and read a few of the latest, and then put them back. As she did so, she saw some of Seaton's discarded ties which she, having thought too good to throw away, had preserved. Seaton was very fond of ties. Ought she not to send him some in the Christmas box? And there was a photograph of Nellie, the girl who had said that her boy Seaton was not good enough for her, and had refused to go out with him. But Nellie had no doubt repented of that long ago. He would be coming home one of these fine days, and then Nellie and all like her would see what a man her son had become, and then,—and then!

The next morning Johanna was not feeling well. When her sister came, towards noon, she was still in bed. "I must have caught cold last evening," she said. "Look out for the mail man, Rose. Sometimes he comes quite early. No, I don't care for breakfast. I shall get up after a while and get me some. Tell John he had better begin picking the apples right away, because I am sure cold weather is coming."

The sick woman got up for a short time in the afternoon, but when the mail man passed the house without even looking in her direction, she went back to bed. No letter came the next day, nor the next. A week passed, and yet no word came from the English missionary to the anxious mother, who kept to her bed and seemed to grow weaker as the days went by. The autumn haze changed to wintry storms. The apples were harvested and some of them marketed. The Christmas package was well under way. Rose, with the help of kind neighbors, looked after the sick woman and her interests. They did well, but one thing they could not do:

they could not bring to the helpless mother a letter bearing the English stamp and postmark, and that was the one thing above all others which she wanted.

Besides Seaton, Rose was Johanna's only living relative. Years ago the father had died, and two children had followed him. As one by one her family had gone, all interest had centered in her boy. Her life had narrowed to Seaton. For him she planned and worked. For him she lived, and for him she would gladly have died. She could afford to lavish all she had on him; for would he not repay her by being her comfort and support in her old age? When the call for a mission came for him, she was glad, for that would sober him down and make a man out of him; besides it would give her opportunities to do more for her boy, to pour out in a more abundant stream her mother love. He would also do what his father was prevented from doing: he would preach the gospel to her kindred in Old England, and thus be a savior to her father's house. Then he would come back, big and strong and true; full of faith and wisdom gained from the practical experiences of the mission field. He had been gone for nearly a year, now. From the first he had sent her a letter every week, but recently they were somewhat irregular, and then they had ceased altogether. Six weeks passed without a letter. The mother lay ill in bed, pale and weak, with seemingly very little life left in her poor, worn-out body.

As the days went by, the fields became bare, and a cold wind whistled through the naked limbs of the apple trees. Johanna became very weak, but her spirit was hopeful. She was not going to die yet awhile, she said to her sister. No; she was going to live to see Seaton return, and then—well, then it didn't matter much.

The bishop came one afternoon earlier than usual. He called at Rose's first, which also was an uncommon thing. Together they went to the sick woman's house. Plainly, there was something the matter, for the usually florid and cheerful Rose was pale, tearful and quiet. She would not go in to her sister's bedside. So the bishop went alone.

"Good morning, bishop," she said, "I am glad you came. I want to tell you something. I dreamed last night that a big fat

letter came to me from Seaton. It was full of all sorts of explanations which I couldn't understand."

"Yes," was all the bishop said. . . . "How are you today?"

"Better, today, thank you." She was always "better," though now she could hardly speak the word. "Bishop," she asked softly, "have you heard from any of the missionaries? or from Seaton, or from anybody that would know about my boy?"

"How should I hear?" he replied evasively. "There have been no missionaries returning for some time, and I have received no letter from Seaton, but—"

The sick woman looked at him as if to say, "But what?"

The bishop hesitated. He had come with a message, but he could not deliver it. His courage failed him. He looked away from the woman to the missionary group on the bureau. She saw the direction of his gaze, and she smiled faintly.

"Think of Seaton in such a hat!" she said; "but it becomes him, don't you think so, bishop?"

"He looks fine."

"Yes; he's handsomer than his father; but then, *he* had to work so hard. Bishop, Seaton told me in his last letter that he distributed a hundred tracts and preached twice on the street each week. That's pretty good, isn't it? and he's becoming a fine singer, too. He can always draw a crowd. He hasn't been away so very long, you know. What will he be when he's been his full two years!"

The bishop arose, and going to the window, he looked out through the trees to the fields beyond.

"I said two years, bishop," came faintly from the bed, "as if I thought that was a full mission; but I didn't mean that. I think a missionary should remain as long as he is required, even if it is three or four years. I want *my* boy to. . . . If I only knew he was well."

"Oh, he is well—"

"How do you know? have you heard?"

"Some time ago, sister."

Just then Rose came in and asked if the invalid would have a little gruel; but she would have nothing. Presently she closed

her eyes and went to sleep. Rose and the bishop withdrew into the kitchen.

"I didn't tell her anything," said he. "I didn't have the heart."

"But she must know," whispered Rose, "and I can't tell her. She is so weak that it will kill her. O bishop, what can we do?"

"I don't know," he replied meditatively, "I don't know. I hope the Lord will be good to her—good to her," he ended softly.

All that night they watched at Johanna's bedside. The doctor said she might linger for days or even weeks, or she might pass quietly away at any moment. The bishop called next morning. Johanna lay as if asleep, a peaceful expression on her wan face. There was a fire in a big, old-fashioned fireplace in the adjoining parlor, and a soft warmth came through the open doorway to where the dying woman lay. The bishop rubbed his hands before the fire, remarking that there was snow in the air. He talked with Rose in low tones, and there was something in their conversation of graver import than that of a soul passing from earth-life to one of peace and rest in the paradise of God,—some impending event, dark and terrible, that could not be averted.

As they stood by the open fire, a movement drew them to the window. It was but the rattle of a wagon coming down the road from the town.

"I thought it was him," exclaimed Rose under her breath.

"No;" replied the bishop. "He could hardly get here today, even if he came straight through. He landed in Boston last Friday."

"But, bishop, he mustn't come straight home to his mother,—and she so unprepared, and so trustful. The shock would kill her instantly."

"No;" he agreed; "he mustn't come home—not yet. I'll watch for him and see that he doesn't."

The wagon stopped at the gate, and a shrill whistle sounded through the air.

"Rose, Rose," came from the sick room. The two hurried in and saw Johanna throw the coverlets away from her arms and sit up.

"Rose, Rose!" she cried, "that was the postman's whistle. He has a letter for me,—a letter from my boy. The postman—always whistles when he has—a letter for me—go get it, Rose."

"I'll get it," said the bishop, as he passed out. Rose laid her sister gently down again, where she lay as if waiting. The bishop went down to the gate.

"Here at last is Aunt Johanna's letter," said the postman. "Knowing how anxious she was to get it, I brought it around before I began my regular route."

The bishop thanked him and replied to his further questions regarding her health. Then he went back to the house. Rose met him at the door.

"Ought she to have it, do you think?" she asked.

He passed into the bedroom. Johanna lay perfectly still with her eyes closed. "I think it is perfectly safe to give it to her," he replied. "She will never read it. . . . Johanna, here's your letter."

She reached out an arm, and the letter was placed in her hand. She held it up to her face as if she were looking at the well-known handwriting: and the English postage stamp. Then she pressed her son's final message to her bosom, and smiled.

The first snow of the season came softly and silently with the dusk of the evening, whitening, through the gloom, the barren fields and distant hills. In the hush of the closing day, Aunt Johanna died. The smile remained on her lips to the last. The letter lay in the cold, unfeeling hand, pressed closely to the silenced heart, now beyond the reach of earthly pain or sorrow. The Lord had been good to Aunt Johanna to the last, for she never knew that within that letter there were tidings, not of glorious victories for the truth, but of defeat and disaster: her boy—her missionary boy—had made a failure of his mission, had been dishonorably released from his missionary labors, and was now on his way home.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

I.

At the beginning of these remarks, it is confessed that not many different kinds of Hebrew idioms are known to the writer to exist in the Book of Mormon; but our readers may rest assured that those which are brought to their attention, will be sustained by proofs fully competent to manifest their Jewish character, and a few of them well sustained, make it necessary for us to refer the authorship of the Book of Mormon to some person or persons who were familiar with the peculiarities of the Hebrew language.

With respect to the idiom first to be considered, we find the following statement is given in Green's Hebrew Grammar, paragraph 269, as the principle upon which it is based. He says: "The dependence of one verb upon another is most distinctly expressed by putting the second verb in the infinitive. The second verb may, however, be in form co-ordinated with the first by being put in the same or an equivalent tense with or without a copulative, the true relation between the verbs being left to be inferred from their obvious signification." He then gives some examples to illustrate the application of the principle thus enunciated, and from them the following are selected: "I know not (how) I shall flatter." In this example *how* is a supplied word, and an infinitive is thrown out of use by co-ordinating *flatter* with *know*. The meaning of the expression becomes plainly manifest by restoring the infinitive, as, "I know not how to flatter." A second illustration is, "How can (or shall) I endure and see the evil that shall come upon my people"—the

second verb is here put in the same order as the first one, instead of being made to occur in its usual dependent relation, as, "How can I endure to see," etc. This example is taken from Est. 8: 6; and if we incorporate the marginal reading into the text, it will read, "How can I be able *that* I may see," etc. The sense is not thereby modified, but this rendering serves to show that the connective is not always the same—that one being used which the sense most obviously demands. With this peculiar idiomatic structure of sentences let us now compare the following expressions taken from the Book of Mormon:

1. "How is it that he cannot instruct me, that I should build a ship?" (I Nephi 17: 51); instead of, "How is it that he cannot instruct me how to build a ship?"—*build* in the text being co-ordinated with *instruct*.
2. "And bade him that he should read;" for "And bade him *to* read" (I Nephi 1: 11).
3. "Commanded my father * * * that he should take his family" (I Nephi 2: 2).
4. "Did plead with me that I would forgive them" (I Nephi 7: 20).
5. "And desired him that he would give unto us the records" (I Nephi 3: 24).
6. "I began to pray unto the Lord that he would have mercy on me" (I Nephi 8: 8.)
7. "I cast my eyes round about that perhaps I might discover my family also" (I Nephi 8: 13).
8. "I, Nephi, am forbidden that I should write the remainder of the things which I saw and heard" (I Nephi 14: 28).
9. "The Lord created the earth that it should be inherited" (I Nephi 17: 36).
10. "He hath created his children that they should possess it" (I Nephi 17: 36).

Many more examples can be found in the Book of Mormon to illustrate the idiom under consideration, but those now given suffice all present purposes, since they manifest beyond a doubt that this peculiar form of expression was familiar to the writers of that record. The reader can easily supply the infinitive form of the dependent verbs.

Again, we find that the Nephite authors made frequent use of a figure of speech called *enallage*, which is a convenient

term to express the substitution of one gender, person, number, case, mode, tense, etc., of the same word for another; and learned commentators inform us that it was frequently applied by the ancient Hebrews.

Dr. Angus in the *Bible Hand Book*, paragraph 277, speaking of Hebraisms, says that plural forms are sometimes put by the Jews for the singular to imply that there are more than one person or thing held in view, though it may be to only one that the direct address or reference is made. In other words, when more than one was to share in a thought, or sentiment, the plural was sometimes used to show that the single individual chiefly in mind was not the only one to whom it was applicable, and, conversely, when more than one was to be included, the singular could be substituted for the plural to show, among other things, that those to whom the thought or command, etc., was directed, were not viewed collectively only, but as individuals also, who separately composed the mass. An example of the substitution of the singular for the plural occurs in the terms used by Moses in giving the ten commandments to the Israelites (Ex. 20).

Just previous to the announcement of these laws, God had instructed his servant to speak to the people, saying, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenants, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine" (Ex. 19: 4, 5). This is a preface to the ten commandments, and plural forms are used exclusively when reference is made to the whole body of the Israelites; but there occurs a remarkable and uniform substitution of the singular for the plural, when the obligation of the law is being laid upon these same people. By the use of *thou* and *thy* instead of *ye* and *your*, however, every individual is searched out and made to feel his personal accountability before the law almost as sensibly as if he had been commanded by name to observe it. None could deceive himself with the vain plea that all must be well with Israel individually in the sight of God, because collectively the people were acknowledged by him. It is thus manifest that this idiom placed in the power of the Jews a wonderfully effective mode of address. An example of a differ-

ent kind—one that illustrates the substitution of the plural for the singular, is found in Gen. 19: 29, where it is stated that God overthrew the “cities” in which Lot dwelt. Now Lot could dwell in only one of the cities of the Dead Sea plain, as physical necessities require us to suppose, but in using the plural for the singular in this case, the manifest purpose is to point out the fact that disaster had befallen not only the city where Lot had his abode, but that other cities also in the same neighborhood had been overwhelmed, and probably in the same manner. Other examples of this kind of enallage occur in Judges 12: 7; Nehemiah 3: 8; and elsewhere in the Bible.

Turning, now, to I Nephi 2: 19, 20, we find a remarkable change in number involving the Hebraism under consideration. The text reads thus: “And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto me saying, Blessed art thou, Nephi, because of thy faith, for thou hast sought me diligently, with lowliness of heart. And inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper and shall be led to a land of promise, yea, a land which is choice above all lands.” It is to be observed with respect to the grounds for the change in this text from the singular to the plural, that as Nephi’s faith in God, and his diligence in serving him, were not characteristic of all the people with whom he was associated, the Lord commands him personally for his individual righteousness, and so uses the singular pronoun in his address; but, on the other hand, as he purposed making the promise of prosperity under the stated conditions broad enough to apply not only to Nephi, but to all his companions as well, and to their posterity, ye is appropriately substituted for the singular thou in the latter part of the text, according to the principles of the idiom in hand. Nephi, further, though a chosen and highly favored servant of God, was thus left without any grounds for claiming special favors and privileges under the general promise of prosperity to all who should heed the commandments of the Lord.

In I Nephi 17: 55, there is another fine example of enallage. This verse reads: “And now, they [Nephi’s brothers] said, We know of a surety that the Lord is with thee, for we know that it is the power of the Lord that has shaken us. And they fell down before me and were about to worship me, but I

would not suffer them, saying, I am *thy* brother, yea, even *thy* younger brother, wherefore, worship the Lord thy God, and honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee." The exhortation to his brothers to refrain from their idolatrous act is thus made with all the force of an appeal to each of them individually. Each one was to judge of Nephi's humanity by the personal consciousness they individually had of their own humanity, and consequent lack of all just claim to divine honor; and if there happened to be one among them who was less richly endowed by nature than his brothers, Nephi by the use of the Jewish idiom, placed himself upon an identical footing with that one, so far as the nature of his being was concerned. In concluding remarks upon this example of enallage, may it not be said justly that it was purposely brought by the spirit of inspiration into the closest association with that other example of the same kind in the latter part of the quoted text where *thy* is used in reciting a portion of the ten commandments, in order that our attention should be called more readily to Nephi's use of this Hebraism.

A third example is taken from Jacob 7: 6, "For I have heard and also know that *thou* goest about much, preaching that which *ye* call the gospel." Here Jacob, being the only preacher concerned, the singular pronoun is used, but as his teachings were regarded not only by himself as gospel, but were so esteemed by all the Nephite Christians, a change to the plural *ye* is allowable and highly appropriate according to the genius of the Hebrew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Flagstaff, Ariz.

Choicest Riches.

If you wish the choicest riches:
Life eternal, lasting light,
Dear beyond all earthly treasures,—
Trust in God and do the right.

ONI D. STUART.

Uintah, Utah.



A BURIAL ON THE PLAINS—PIONEER DAYS.
From a Painting by George M. Ottinger.

Extract from "The Old Journey."

By Alfred Lamourne, author of "Our Inland Sea," etc.



OUNTLESS in numbers almost were those silent witnesses of death by the way. The mounds were to be seen in all imaginable places. Each day we passed them, singly or in groups; and sometimes, nay, often, one of our own company was left behind to swell the number. By the banks of streams, on grassy hillocks, in the sands, beneath groves of trees, or among piles of rock, the graves were dug. We left the new mounds to be beaten upon by the tempests, scorched by the sun, or for beauty to gather about as it had about many of the older ones. Sometimes when we camped, the old graves would be directly alongside the wagons. I recall sitting by one that was thickly covered with grass and without a headboard, while I ate my evening meal, and of sleeping beside it at night. One remains in my mind as a very soothing little picture—a child's grave, and it was screened around with a thicket of wild rose that leaned lovingly over it, while the mound itself was overgrown with moss. I fancied that the parents of that child, were they yet living, would like to have seen how daintily nature had decked the last bed of their loved one.

How painful were the circumstances attending the first burial in our train. A woman died one evening, (we were about ten days out) just as the moon had risen over the prairie, and swiftly the tidings sped through the camp. Next morning (it was the Sabbath day) she was buried—laid to rest on a low, grassy hill near a stream. Never can I forget the grief of her children as the body was lowered into the ground. A network of stakes was placed across the grave to keep away the robber wolves, and a hymn was then sung, accompanied by the plaintive wailing of a clarionet.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

II.—No Room For Them in the Inn.

The world's attitude towards the birth of every great truth is focused in a single phrase in the simple story of the first Christmas, the greatest birthday since Time began. Mary laid the infant Christ in a manger—"because there was no room for them in the inn."

For worldly success, fame, social prestige, laurel-crowned triumph, the inn is illuminated; welcoming music fills the air; and the inn doors are thrown wide open. But struggle towards sublime attainment, heroic effort to better the world, simple consecration of soul to a noble ideal, means—the manger and a lonely pathway lit only by the torch of truth held high in the hand of purpose.

Right must ever fight its way against the world. Truth must ever walk alone in its Gethsemane. Justice must bravely face its Calvary, if it would still live in triumph after all efforts to slay it. Love must ever, in the end, burst forth in its splendor from the dark clouds of hate and discord that seek to obscure it. These great truths must be born in the manger of poverty, or pain, or trial, or suffering, finding no room at the inn until at last by entering it in triumph they honor the inn that never honored them in their hours of need, of struggle or of darkness.

It is so written in the story of the world's leaders, it is the chorus of the song of every great human effort; it is the secret of the loneliest hours of supreme aspiration, it epitomizes the whole

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

life of Christ. As a babe—there was no room for him in the inn; as a boy—there was no room for him in Israel; as a man, condemned by Pilate—there was no room for him in all the world. His life seemed a failure, the results poor and barren, yet today the world has thousands of churches, spiritual inns, built in his memory. The glory of the end makes trials along the way seem—nothing.

It requires sterling courage to live on the uplands of truth, battling bravely for the right, undismayed by coldness, undaunted by contempt, unmoved by criticism, serenely confident, even in the darkest hours, that right, justice and truth must win in the end.

We may see the inn welcome the successful without auditing the accounts of ways and means by which that success was won; pass in the hypocrite without realizing that his passport is forged; accept the swaggering and assertive at their own estimate, near-sightedly mistake the brass of pretense for the gold of true worth; give a fine suite of corner rooms to a fad and have no room at all for philosophy. The world makes many mistakes. Time corrects many mistakes. Time is always on the side of right and truth. It is the silent ally of all great work.

There comes a time in every individual life when earnest, honest effort, disheartened, dismayed, distressed, says: "What is the use of it all? Why should I suffer poverty, sorrow, loneliness and failure, while I am trying so hard to be good, kind, sympathetic, helpful, and just? Why should I not have some of the good things I long for? Is the struggle for moral things really worth while, after all?"

These are big questions: They are the very sobs of the soul. They are hard indeed to answer, but something within us, deeper than reason, tells us that it is worth while, that it must be, and that we must set our feet bravely towards the future and do our best even when the clouds hang lowest. The seeming ease and prosperity of those leading idle, selfish lives should never divert us from the path of truth.

If we know we are right, we should care naught for the crowd at the inn. It must be that there is something higher in life than the welcome at the inn, the approval of the world, or any accumulation of purely material things. There is the con-

sciousness of work well done, of steadfast loyalty to an ideal, of faithfulness in little things, or lives made sweeter, truer, better by our living, of a lovelight in eyes looking into ours—these may be part of the glorious flowering of our days greater far to our highest self than any mere welcome at the inn.

Moral goodness or spiritual glow does not bring—worldly success. That it does is a delusive yet popular system of ethics. Daily exercise of all the higher virtues, and keeping one's moral muscles in prime condition, do not necessarily bring—wealth and prosperity. If it were true the saints of the world would be the millionaires. Careful study of our richest class does not show they are conspicuous wearers of halos. If it were true, it would be placing the material side of life as the ideal, the goal, the aim, and end of living. High moral or spiritual life would be but a shrewd investment, prosperity a dividend.

He who speculates in morals for the coupons and trading stamps of success is not really moral, he is merely—hypocritic. Business success is the result of obeying in some form, specific laws that make that success. Some of these laws are based on those of morals, some run parallel, some cut across morals on the bias, but they are not—identical. The angel Gabriel would probably not be able to make a day's wages in Wall Street. Christ had not “where to lay his head.” The only reason for being right, doing right, and living right is—because it is right.

True living brings peace to the soul, fibre to character, kingship over self, inspiration to others, but not necessarily—money and material prosperity. These are surely pleasing to possess; few people are trying very energetically to dodge them. They have their proper place in the scheme of life but they are not—supreme. If they were highest, candidates for the choicest seats in heaven could be selected purely by double “A” Bradstreet ratings; they would be taken ever from the crowded inn—not the lonely manger. At the inn they inquire: “Will it pay? Is it popular? Is it successful?” At the manger they ask: “Is it right? Is it true? Is it helpful?”

True living consists of living at our best without thought of reward—doing the highest right, as we see it, and facing results, calmly, courageously and unquestioning. It means living to give,

not to get, thinking more of what we can radiate than what we can absorb, more of what we are than of what we have.

Humanity dreams golden dreams of the wondrous things it would do if it only had money—the happiness, cheer, comfort, joy and peace it could bring to thousands. But wealth could not buy the very things the world hungers for most—love, kindness, calmness, inspiration, peace, trust, truth and justice. The greatest gift the individual can give the world is—personal service. The manger typified personal service, consecrated freely to humanity.

Every great truth in all the ages has had to battle for recognition. If it be real it is worth the struggle. Out of the struggle comes new strength for the victor. Trampled grass grows the greenest. Hardship and trial and restriction and opposition mean new vitality to character. In potting plants it is well not to have the pot too large, for the more crowded the roots the more the plant will bloom. It is true, in a larger sense, of life. The world has ever misunderstood and battled against its thinkers, its leaders, its reformers, its heroes.

We must all fight for our ideals, for truth, for individuality, never counting the cost, never keeping our ears close to the ground to hear the faint murmurs of approval or condemnation from the self-absorbed crowd at the inn.

If confident that we are right, according to our highest light, if we are sailing by our chart, guided by our compass, freighted with a true cargo and headed for our harbor, let us care naught for what the world says. What matters it if the world thinks our economy for some unselfish purpose known to us alone is meanness, our loyalty to an ideal is folly, our decision of a right is the climax of error, and the joy that is nearest and dearest but an empty dream?

The world ever comes around at last to the point of view of the man who is right. The inn finally finds room for truth and right—when they have proved themselves. The manger and the lonely path are ever—finally vindicated. It is the final surrender to—the crown of individuality.

(The next article in this series "At the Turn of the Road," will appear in the January, 1910, number of the ERA.)



AMOS MILTON MUSSER.
Born, May 20, 1830; Died, September 24, 1909.

Islands in the Blue Pacific.

BY WM. A. MOODY, PRESIDENT OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

To one accustomed to the climate and conditions which prevail throughout the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, where most of the Latter-day Saints are located, it is difficult to think, logically, of



DRYING COCOANUTS.

Typical Tongan Home in the South Pacific.

the life and conditions as they exist in the south seas. I recently visited the Friendly Islands, which are a branch of the Samoan Mission. When the Friendly Islands, commonly known as Tonga, are mentioned, one might hesitate a moment to recall their location, and if he were to consult a map, he would find a few little, appar-

ently insignificant dots, lying to the south, in about the same latitude as the Sandwich Islands lie to the north, and between longitudes 170 and 180 West of Greenwich. After one takes the long sea voyage from Vancouver, *via* Honolulu, Fiji and Samoa to Tonga, he finds more than a hundred beautiful little islands protruding in picturesque contour above the surface of the blue Pacific, all covered with a profusion of wild and varied vegetation. But the most beautiful and at the same time the most useful of all trees, is the tall, though slender cocoanut, which lifts its stately head from fifty to eighty feet in the air, and shakes its feathery fronds in the breeze, while it seems to laugh at the foreigner who fain would rob it of its precious fruit.

These islands were once so densely populated, according to tradition, that a public notice, or other information issued by the king, had but to be shouted from his residence, and the refrain would be caught up and shouted from one to another until it had resounded to the uttermost parts of the islands, and thus, in a few minutes, all would be notified. The habit of shouting public information still prevails, to a degree, especially when the ship comes in; for the arrival of the ship is a red letter occasion for the Tongans.

The present population of Tonga is only about twenty thousand, and yet Tonga has the distinction of being the only independent kingdom now left in the Pacific, and is under the protection of Great Britain. King George Tubou II, is sovereign of the Tongan group. He is a man of very striking appearance, only a little more than thirty years old, stands six feet four inches in height, and would probably tip the scales at three hundred pounds. He was educated abroad, speaks English fluently, and is very fond of music, being gifted in that direction. In fact, the whole Tongan race love music, and many of them read music readily, having given more attention to the learning of music than to other departments of learning.

The native Tongan has a brown complexion, approximating a coffee-color, is large in stature, muscular and well proportioned. He is proud, lives in luxury, and has but little to do. The Tongan men carefully protect their women from drudgery, and all the honors of chieftainship are equally shared by both sexes.

The government owns the land and measures to each family sufficient for its needs; and compels the people, by law, to plant a part of their land to cocoanuts. That statute has been the means of bringing about much prosperity to the nation. The picture herewith presented is a typical scene at almost every Tongan home. The drying and selling of cocoanuts constitute almost a perpetual harvest. The industry enables the people to build comfortable lumber houses which are usually provided with liberal yards decorated with groups of trees and shrubs of variegated colors. A glance at the picture herewith presented will give the reader an idea of the Tongan dress, except as to the ministerial garb. Imagine a big, brown man, dressed in a Prince Albert suit, bare-headed, his hair combed upwards from all sides and glistening with oil, bare-footed, his Bible under his arm, and you have a native Tongan minister, as I saw him. Long before daybreak, on Sunday morning, one may hear the church bells ringing, for the people assemble for the first meeting of the Sabbath, a little before five o'clock a. m.

Apia, Samoa.

To the Prophet Joseph.

O prophet of Zion, our joy is in thee,
The hero of ages, so wise and so free,
We welcome the message you gave unto men;
We welcome the light that is shining again.

All nations will honor and men will revere
Our prophet and martyr, the Saint and the Seer:
O soul of the west, a bright crown you have won,
O bearer of light from the Father and Son!

The moan of the ocean, the song of the rill,
The vine in the meadow, the pine on the hill,
The rose in the garden, the moss on the shrine,
All image the glories that symbolize thine.

Sweet prophet of Zion, so tender yet bold,
Now minglest thy voice with the sages of old.
In love and devotion we live for the right,
We turn unto thee and we follow the light!

Logan, Utah.

WILLIAM H. APPERLEY.

A Short Talk About Eating.

BY JAMES X. ALLEN, M. D.

Do not get scared; I do not intend a scientific lecture on the physiology of digestion: only a few plain suggestions that all will readily understand.

During my experience as a practicing physician, a period extending over half a century, I have observed that a large portion of the troubles I have been called upon to remedy, or to ameliorate, have been induced by faulty eating. The principal errors to which I wish to call attention are (1) eating too much; (2) eating too rapidly; (3) eating, at times, unadvisedly.

Many persons eat by far too much. The majority of stomachs can perform a reasonable amount of work and do it well, but when imposed upon by being overloaded, is it any wonder that, as the saying goes, they kick? You crowd lessons upon your child, and the probabilities are that you have a doctor's bill to pay; or what may prove to be much worse, a child with impaired vision, nervous debility, an invalid, unfitted for the battle of life. You impose excessive burdens upon your beast, and it may hold out for a season, but sooner or later your animal loses both flesh and vim, and you have need to turn it to grass for a season.

Neither can a man retain his flesh or courage when worked beyond his capacity. Naturally, would you think a man's stomach is stronger than the man? Or again, is any one part greater than the whole? I once knew an old gentleman of whom some people said, "He is a crank." However, he had passed three-score and ten. He was healthy, cheerful, hopeful, and had a good word for everybody, with malice toward none. This patriarch had

a saying which he was wont to repeat: "Eat when you are hungry and don't eat when not hungry." It may be that this rule is not susceptible of universal application, although it appeared to have worked well in the case of my venerable friend.

One cause of the major part of gormandizing is the manner in which food is served. Ordinarily we fill up pretty much on the coarser food, and should we stop here, we would be all right, but here comes a second dish which is more appetizing than the first course, and we are tempted to overdo a little. This may not be so bad, but there is a third temptation in the shape of a delicacy, not to be resisted. The result is that we overburden the stomach, and is it surprising that it has "a kick" coming?

While I am a lover of nature, I am not quite as strenuous in that regard as was Brother William M'Guire, formerly of Little Cottonwood, of this state; he was so far nature-struck that he retired with the chickens and rose with the lark. I cannot go that far, but I do think that we derive some lessons from the brute creation. For instance, I have an old mare; she is fat and healthy. She never complains of indigestion, and is always ready for work. I notice that she eats very differently from what I do; or I eat differently from the way she does. I give her a little green and a little dry hay at the same time; she eats the sweetest first, the green hay, and if not quite full enough she will fill up on the less palatable hay. In that way, she stops when her need is satisfied. She eats the most delicate food first, and never overeats on the coarser food. We do the very opposite to what the mare does. She never has the dispepsia, while but few of us escape having it.

The singer is careful not to eat much when going before the public, and the orator is equally careful when about to ascend the rostrum. The man or woman who is engaged in manual labor, or who takes sufficient physical exercise, is not so apt to suffer from over-eating as are those of sedentary habits. Every exercise of physical energy assists, more or less, the stomach in its work of digestion; as it also contributes to the work of propelling the waste products through the intestinal canal, thereby keeping the body in a healthy condition.

It follows from the above observation that a person of sedentary habits will suffer more from gormandizing, (and may not in-

dulge to the same extent) than may one of a more active life.

Do not indulge the habit of nibbling between meals. The stomach needs a rest just as much as do your limbs or your brains. If you stop and think for a moment I doubt not but you will see the point.

"Some people live to eat; and some eat to live." Reader, to which class do you belong? The tippler does not call for the second, third and fourth glass of liquor because he needs it, but to satisfy the craving of an abnormal appetite. It is just so with the epicure; he eats not to satisfy the demands of his system, but to assuage the cravings of a vicious appetite.

Most people eat too rapidly. Our teeth are for the purpose of cutting and crushing our food, and the more minutely we disintegrate it in the mouth, the more readily will the gastric juice penetrate and digest it.

Not all foods are digested in the stomach, but that fact does not interfere with the further fact that all foods must be reduced to a liquid state before they can be appropriated by the absorbents for the nourishment of the anatomy. Whether digested in the stomach or in the intestines, the same law holds good.

The office of the saliva is to moisten the food, thereby rendering it easy of deglutition, and if one will take the time required for thorough mastication, there will be no need of foolishly taking a sip with every mouthful of food in order to get it down. Where it is convenient to do so, chewing the food should be divided about equally between the two sides of the mouth, as the secretion of saliva is triple as much by the glands on the side in use, as on the side that may be idle. Where mastication is hurried and incomplete, little dumplings are apt to find their way into the stomach where they are sure to make trouble. Chew well, and thoroughly disintegrate the food in the mouth, and the stomach and intestines will take care of the rest. I have heard men say, "Life is too short; I cannot spare an hour for dinner," the answer to which is, "Can you spare time for indigestion, for cramps, colic? Can you spare time to be sick, to die?"

Did you ever take two cups of warm water, and drop into one cup a lump of sugar, and into the second cup the same amount of crushed sugar and notice the difference in time

taken by them to dissolve? What would be a better illustration of the stomach's action; get two glasses with the same amount of alcohol in each; drop into the first a lump of camphor and into the second glass the same amount of pulverized camphor, and notice the difference in time that will be required for them to be dissolved. This will give you some idea of the difference between the action of the stomach on well masticated food and on that of little dumplings, with this difference: the sugar and the camphor will dissolve, only give them time enough; but the dumplings may never dissolve, but may, besides fatiguing the digestive apparatus, conduce to appendicitis, obstruction of the bowels or other maladies.

Formerly it was customary for gentlemen of means to employ professional fools, whose duty it was to keep the diners in mirthful mood while at the banquet table. These mirthful diversions prolonged the sittings and were conducive to health. All depressing stories, as well as sermonizing, should be barred from the table. Joy aids digestion, while melancholy and grief retard it.

Children universally eat too rapidly; let them chatter and laugh while at the table, and you will not suffer, while the little ones will be the better for it. A good, hearty laugh is the next thing to a good chop, and it helps to digest the chop.

Some persons eat unadvisedly. To eat a full meal before ascending the pulpit or the rostrum is a mistake. Sound thinking demands additional blood to the brain. A good meal makes the same requisition on the heart for the stomach; and when the two calls are made simultaneously, the supply is not equal to the demand, and the result is more or less confusion. Many persons go to bed with an empty stomach; while many others take a light lunch before retiring for the night. There is no infallible rule in this case: that custom is best for you which leaves you feeling best.

Late banquets are never to be encouraged, you eat a big meal of slowly digestive food on retiring for the night and the result is restlessness, perhaps troublesome dreams, and possibly nightmare. You lie down with a full stomach, roll upon your back, the weight of the stomach compresses the abdominal artery, circulation is obstructed, and you can guess what follows.

Ogden, Utah.

John Lyon, Poet and Writer.

BY DAVID R. LYON.

To John Lyon belongs the distinction of having been the first person in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to publish a volume of poems. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on

the 4th of March, 1803. His father, Thomas Lyon, was a surgeon in the British service, and his mother's maiden name was Janet McArthur. From his early youth he had imbibed a thirst for knowledge, but in those days books were luxuries, and schools were mostly for the rich, so that he had little chance to get an education. His mother taught him how to read and write, and with this for a foundation, his natural talents asserted themselves. At an early age he began to write verse. Some of his writings were in the form of songs,

which attained more or less popularity in the neighborhood.

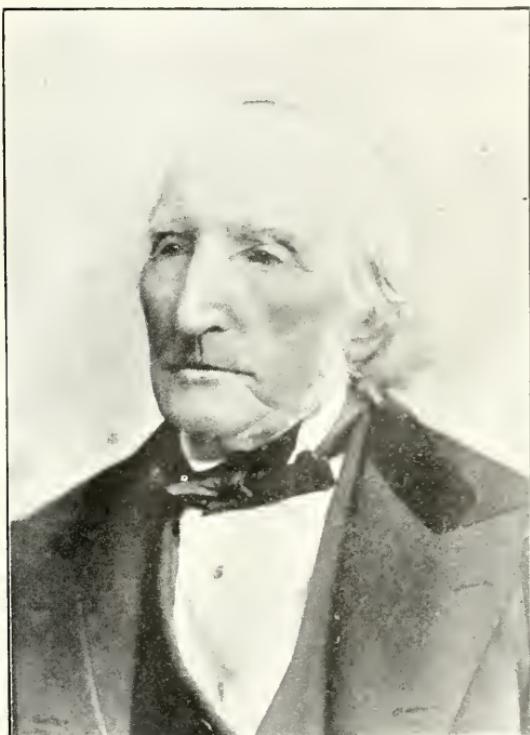
His real start as a writer, however, was made when he was sixteen years of age. At this time he became a member of a literary society, and began writing essays and poems, many of which appeared in the local press. Later on he was engaged as travel-



JOHN LYON.
From an Oil Painting.

ing agent and news reporter for the *Western Watchman*, at that time an influential Kilmarnock paper, published in the interest of Dr. Chalmers and his reform movement.

In 1832, there was great stagnation in Great Britain, in nearly all trades, which caused much destitution among the working classes. So great was the suffering in Scotland that a committee of twelve men was appointed to make an investigation into the matter. John Lyon, as one of this committee, was asked by a town councilor to make a report upon the great destitution then prevailing, which he did. Three weeks afterwards this report was printed in full in the *London Times*, occupying four columns. It had previously been read in the House of Commons by the Hon. Wallace, of Kelly. Needless to say, this publication caused a great sensation, as politicians tried to make political capital out of it. After this event the services of young Lyon were in much demand.



JOHN LYON.

From a photo taken on his 80th birthday.

Like most natives of Scotland, John Lyon was early taught the precepts and principles of the Presbyterian faith, but, to his mind, many of the doctrines of that church made God appear as a monster, especially the one that consigned little children to hell forever, because their parents had failed to have them baptized before death: and the

doctrine of election, which Robert Burns said, "sends one to heaven and ten to hell," and all for the glory of God.

Being of a religious turn of mind, he attended church, but never could bring his judgment to an acceptance of some of the doctrines taught. While in this state of mind, elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints arrived in Scotland and began preaching. Young Lyon was fortunate enough to be one of those attracted by the principles they taught, and on the 31st of March, 1844, he was baptized into the Church. Regarding his feelings at the time he joined the Church, Elder Lyon wrote a poem for the *Millennial Star*, from which we quote one stanza:

How sweet the gospel message came,
When first I learned its light and power;
'Twas all an anxious heart could claim,
It and the scriptures were the same.
I was a "Mormon" from that hour!
But there were other truths to learn
Which then I could not well discern.

The month following his baptism he was ordained an elder and appointed to preside over the Kilmarnock branch. Subsequently he was called on a mission to England, and selected to preside over the Worcestershire conference. Here he labored for three years. On being released he was appointed president of the Glasgow conference, in 1852. He occupied this position till the following year, when he was released to gather to Utah.

During the time that Elder Lyon was in the mission field, he wrote quite a number of poems for the *Millennial Star*, besides numerous other pieces. Before leaving for Utah, in 1853, these writings were collected and published under the title, *The Harp of Zion*, the work being published for the benefit of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Many thousand copies of this book were printed and sold.

Crossing the ocean in those days was quite different from what it is today. Elder Lyon kept a diary of the voyage, which he had printed after arriving in America. From this we find that the passengers went on board the ship on February 21, but owing to unfavorable winds did not make a start until the 28th, when

the ship was towed out to sea for twenty miles by a steamer. The ship landed in New Orleans on April 23, over two months after the time the passengers went on board. A notable event occurred on this voyage, which is perhaps the only one of the kind in the history of the Church: Captain David Brown and nearly all of the crew of the ship *International* were baptized while crossing the ocean.

Elder Lyon spent a few days in New Orleans, after which he embarked for St. Louis, where he landed after a voyage of eight days. From here he went to Keokuk, at which place he secured an outfit to cross the plains. After the usual trials of such a journey, he landed in Salt Lake City, September, 1853.

The stern realities of life now asserted themselves, and temporal matters, for the time, were uppermost. Winter was approaching, so Brother Lyon secured a small house in the Thirteenth ward. Logs were hauled from the canyon for fuel. Potatoes were secured by digging them on shares. For nearly six months the principal diet of himself and family was potatoes and salt.

After returning from the "move" south, at the time of the advent of Johnston's army, he settled in the Twentieth Ward, Salt Lake City, where he spent the remainder of his days.

During all the years of his life, Brother Lyon did more or less writing, both in verse and prose. Some of his earliest pieces were in his native Scotch, and are still remembered by his associates of those days. As late as 1895, the Kilmarnock *Standard* published a retrospect of his life, together with one of his poems, besides comments on the arguments he used in advocacy of the principles of "Mormonism." The following is an excerpt from the article referred to:

John Lyon was a poet worthy of his name. There was a rampant nobility in his nature. He spoke in advance of his time. Society was slow of faith to the facts uttered by him. He had clear views of progressive perfection, and declared that the summit could only be reached by perpetual culture, and that those who left this world in a state of mental doltism, would be set on a very low stool in the next.

Some of Brother Lyon's poems were classical in their compo-

sition. Among these may be named, "Reflections on a Banknote," "Ode to Morn," and "Water," besides many others. Always a lover of liberty and fair play, after his arrival in America he imbibed the spirit of liberty to a still greater degree. One of his poems entitled "Young America," published in the *Mountaineer*, fairly glows with this feeling, as the following stanza will show:

Liberty's the freeman's glory!
Touch it, and you touch his life;
Let the foe be young or hoary,
Keen will be the fight and gory,
Ere he yields in slavery's strife.
Mind! his soul is great and noble,
Count the cost before you trouble,
Mark, his children and his wife.

Another poem, written at the time of the Civil War, shows the feeling that possessed the people here. Two verses follow:

'Tis for freedom and right the Saints will fight,
No matter be they who oppose;
And those who conspire, light their own fun'r'al fire,
For to us, and to freedom, they're foes.
There's danger—beware, in the lion's lair,
And the hunted tiger's growl,
'Twill be worse than death to cross their path,
When galled by oppression's rule.

While the eagle soars o'er our rock-girt shores,
And the Stars and Stripes entwine,
We will express our thankfulness
At freedom's holy shrine,
For those honored men, whom the mob contemn,
Afar from the fighting world,
Who knew what was right, from tyrant's might,
By God's own truth unfurled.

Another poem of about this period, in blank verse, refers to the prediction made by the Prophet Joseph Smith to Stephen A. Douglas. It is entitled "Prophetic Doom," and is as follows:

Who is he, that great, little man, erect
Above the crowd, whose voice electrifies

The noisy, senseless mass? see how they stare
In breathless ecstasy, to give applause
At each turned period of his wild harangue!

Hear how he shrieks and moans in mimicry—
The broken bonds of sable wedded life—
The squalling papoose from its mother torn—
The rope—the thong—the bleeding wounds—the claim
That Legree fastens on his weeping slaves.
Anon, he pleads in stirring strains the wrongs
And woes of slavery. The black depot
Where wounds are dressed, and trim attire put on
For market, and the heartless human sale,
And separation of the darky throng.
Thus point by point he lures the thoughtless mind,
Till frenzy grasps the phantom of its ire—
The spectral image of his rhetoric—
They rise, as the dark troubled ocean heaves,
And with uplifted hands to heaven, they shout,
“Hurrah for Douglass and for liberty!”
Roused by his wind-made speech of gas, he laughs
At the perverted use of eloquence,
For other ends designed, to raise himself
To fortune, fame and sovereignty.

List! now the subject's changed; in holy twang
He looks to where the florid sun declines
Far o'er the Rocky Mountains in the West,
Where “Mormondom” defies the strength of states
To war against her crime, and makes the sun,
When near her setting, blush in crimson shame,
To hear the sequel of their glaring deeds,
If tropes and figures could infuse alarms.

Hear him, O ye gods of man-made worship!
How he declaims against fair Deseret,
For incest, murder and polygamy.
See, how he weeps o'er fallen virtue dead,
And cries aloud for vengeance from the heavens,
To be revenged on the defiled race,
And like another Shylock, vampire, he
Demands with savage cry, his pound of flesh!
“Yes, yes, extermination, fire and sword

Must end this conflict, with this sacrifice
As an atonement for their lustful deeds."

So spake this little, mighty, selfish man,
While the vain, giddy, false-led multitude
Hurra'd again, and sought to raise him up
With buoyant hope, to be their future chief.
'Tis true the Prophet warned him not to raise
His voice against the Saints; or, if he did,
He never would attain the envied seat
His craven soul ambitiously desired.

But pride, prosperity and worldly fame
Confirmed the prophecy, in his elate—
A matter of distrust, and so he fell
From the dread pinnacle of empty fame,
Like the shot-meteor gas above our heads,
By its own element expunged, blazed forth,
And for a moment seemed a star of heaven.

Many other extracts might be given, but these will show the bent of our author's mind. He loved sincerity and hated hypocrisy with all the strength of his nature. This noble characteristic made him many friends.

For a quarter of a century Brother Lyon was librarian of the old Territorial public library, and it was in this capacity that he became acquainted with nearly all the people who loved books. This was a position to his liking, and one that enlarged his capacity of mind. For a number of years he was critic at the Salt Lake theatre, and helped to coach many of the budding thespians of that day, in the art of acting. Besides holding these positions, he had charge of the Endowment House in Salt Lake City for over thirty years, in which capacity he was implicitly trusted.

A number of Elder Lyon's hymns are contained in the Latter-day Saints hymn book. Among the number may be mentioned, "Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard," which is often sung.

Twenty years ago, in November, Brother Lyon received his release as a resident of this mundane sphere, and was promoted to join his friends on the other side of the veil, among the number being President Brigham Young, with whom he had the honor of being included in a painting entitled, "Brigham Young and his

Friends," which now hangs in the President's office, Salt Lake City. At the time of his release he was in his eighty-seventh year. His remains rest in the city cemetery in Salt Lake City. On a monument erected on the burial lot is inscribed a fragment of verse, written by the author some time before his demise. It is hardly probable that he ever thought it would grace his own monument. It was discovered among his effects on the day of his death. It reads:

We'll meet together yet
Where the sun shall never set;
With a welcome of the hand
And a love without regret.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Confidence—A Sonnet.

Confidence is our earthly joy in time,
Our heavenly hope in God, our trust in man;
If such morality would lead the van
In this degenerate age of doubt and crime,
How rich would man be e'en without a dime!
Thank God, there's some amongst our sinful race
Who've shunned the evils of this sad disgrace,—
Yes, priest and novice, led by the sublime
Who've placed their faith and confidence in God,
Shunning the thorns where folly strewed the way,
Tho' pained to walk on, have devoutly trod—
Believing, trusting goodness to obey
Amidst derision, hungry and unshod,
Have won the bliss of an immortal day!

John Lyon Sec'd

Salvation Universal.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN.

II.

The question naturally arises, if all must accept the principles of the gospel and be baptized for the remission of their sins, what of the dead who died without receiving the remission of their sins, or accepting Christ while they were in the flesh? They cannot be baptized in water now and have hands laid on their heads for the gift of the Holy Ghost, for these things of necessity pertain to this mortal probation. Therefore, it would be impossible for them to be baptized now or even after the resurrection, for they would no longer be mortal, but subject to the laws and regulations of that life which is to come. These ordinances must be performed in this life, or, if for the dead, vicariously by some one who is in mortality, the living acting as proxy for the dead. Again we hear the objection raised, that this is impossible; that one man cannot stand, or answer for another's sins; but that every man must stand for himself. This is true so far as it is possible to be done. But occasions have arisen where the man guilty of transgressing the law was unable to redeem himself. And punishment for sin, is for the propitiation of sin, and in such cases there is nothing in the scriptures forbidding one to stand vicariously for another when circumstances render it impossible for the first to comply with the law. In ancient Israel they had the scapegoat. On the head of this goat, Aaron placed both his hands and confessed over him all the iniquity of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and then sent him away "by the hand of a fit man

into the wilderness." And the goat bore upon him all their iniquities into the wilderness "unto a land not inhabited":** This was but one instance. In various ways vicarious offerings have been made and accepted. Then why should it be considered a strange thing for the Latter-day Saints to believe that the children have the privilege to stand vicariously for their dead fathers, and by proxy perform these ordinances, that belong to this life, in their behalf?

The fact is, the whole plan of redemption is based on vicarious salvation. One without sin standing for the whole human family, all of whom were under the curse. It is most natural and just that he who commits the wrong should pay the penalty—atone for his wrong doing. Therefore, when Adam was the transgressor of the law, justice demanded that he, and none else, should answer for the sin and pay the penalty with his life. But Adam, in breaking the law, himself became subject to the curse, and being under the curse could not atone, or undo what he had done. Neither could his children, for they also were under the curse, and it required one who was not subject to the curse to atone for that original sin. Moreover, since we were all under the curse, we were also powerless to atone for our individual sins. It therefore became necessary for the Father to send his only Begotten Son, who was free from sin, to atone for our sins as well as for Adam's transgression, which justice demanded should be done. He accordingly offered himself a sacrifice for sins, and through his death upon the cross took upon himself both Adam's transgression and our individual sins, thereby redeeming us from the fall, and from our sins, on condition of repentance.

Let us illustrate: A man walking along the road happens to fall into a pit so deep and dark that he cannot climb to the surface and regain his freedom. How can he save himself from his own folly? Not by any exertions on his own part, for there is no means of escape in the pit. He calls for help and some kindly disposed soul, hearing his cries for relief, hastens to his assistance and by lowering a ladder, gives to him the means by which he may climb again to the surface of the earth. This was precisely the

* Leviticus 16: 20-22; see also Leviticus chapters 4 and 5.

condition that Adam placed himself and his posterity in, when he partook of the forbidden fruit. All being together in the pit, none could gain the surface and relieve the others. The pit was banishment from the presence of the Lord and temporal death, the dissolution of the body. And all being subject to death, none could provide the means of escape. Therefore, in his infinite mercy, the Father heard the cries of his children and sent his Only Begotten Son, who was not subject to death nor to sin, to provide the means of escape. This he did through his infinite atonement and the everlasting gospel. The Savior voluntarily laid down his life and took it again to satisfy the demands of justice, which required this infinite atonement of the Son of God and accepted it in the stead of the blood of all those who were under the curse, and consequently helpless. The Savior said, "I lay down my life for the sheep. * * * Therefore, doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it up again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."*

From this we see that he had life in himself, which he received from the Father, being his Only Begotten Son in the flesh. And it was this principle that gave him power to atone for the sins of the world, both for Adam's transgression and for our individual sins, from which we could not of ourselves get free. Therefore, Christ died in our stead, because to punish us would not relieve the situation, for we would still be subject to the curse even if our blood had been shed, and through his death we receive life and "have it more abundantly."

The vicarious atonement was for all, both living and dead, for as extensive as was the fall, of necessity must be the atonement. There shall, therefore, be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust.† This is general salvation. Our individual salvation, which determines our standing, or glory, in the kingdom of God, besides depending on the atonement of Christ, also is on

* John 10: 15-18.

† Acts 24: 15.

condition that the laws and ordinances of the gospel are accepted and lived by us, both by the living and the dead.

This vicarious salvation for the dead is not a new doctrine. It is new and strange to this generation, it is true, but only because of a lack of comprehension of the revelations of the Lord. The Prophet Joseph Smith said it is the burden of the scriptures. It has been taught among the Lord's people from the earliest times. Enoch saw in vision the kingdoms of the world and all their inhabitants down even to the end of time. The Lord told him of Noah and the flood, and how he would destroy the people of the earth for their iniquity. Of these rebellious ones who rejected the truth and paid no heed to the preachings of Noah and the ancient prophets, the Lord said: "I can stretch forth mine hands and hold all the creations which I have made; and mine eyes can pierce them also, and among all the workmanship of mine hands there has not been so much wickedness as among thy brethren. But, behold, their sins shall be upon the heads of their fathers. Satan shall be their father, and misery shall be their doom; and the whole heavens shall weep over them, even all the workmanship of mine hands; wherefore should not the heavens weep, seeing these shall suffer? But behold, these which thine eyes are upon shall perish in the floods; and, behold, I will shut them up; a prison have I prepared for them. And That which I have chosen hath plead before my face. Wherefore, he suffereth for their sins; inasmuch as they will repent *in the day that my Chosen shall return unto me*, and until that day they shall be in torment."*

From this we learn that the Lord has prepared a prison for the souls of all those who rejected the testimony of the antediluvian prophets, where they were to remain in torment until the time when Jesus should atone for their sins and return to the Father. Isaiah also says: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall punish the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited."†

* Book of Moses 7: 36-39.

† Isaiah 24: 21, 22.

This is spoken of those who keep not the law who live in latter-days. Again, he says: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."* This was spoken of as the mission of the Redeemer, both his work for the living and the dead, who were the prisoners that were bound. When the Savior commenced his ministry, he entered into the synagogue in the city of Nazareth — his home town — on the Sabbath day, the book of Isaiah was handed him, he turned to this passage and read, closed the book, handed it back to the minister, and while the eyes of all the congregation were riveted on him, he said: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."† But the Jews rejected him and his testimony, and with violence drove him from the city. Nevertheless, he continued to proclaim liberty to the captives, declaring that he came not alone to save the living but also to save the dead.

We hear the objection made from time to time, that Jesus did not come to save the dead, for he most emphatically declared himself that there was an impassable gulf that separated the righteous spirits from the wicked. In defense of their position they quote the words in Luke, 16th chapter and 26th verse, which are: "And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot: neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." These words, according to the story, were spoken by Abraham's spirit to the rich man who raised his eyes and asked that Lazarus might go touch his lips and relieve his torment. Abraham replied that it could not be because there was a gulf fixed between them that the spirit of no man could pass. Therefore, say the objectors to the doctrine of universal salvation, "it is quite evident that the righteous and the wicked who are dead, cannot visit each other, hence there is no salvation for the dead."

This was true before the days that Jesus atoned for sin, which is plainly shown in the passage from the Book of Moses previously

* Isaiah 61: 1; and 42: 7.

† Luke 4: 16-21.

quoted. And it was at this period this event occurred. However, Christ came, and through his death bridged that gulf, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of this prison door to those who sat in darkness and captivity. From that time forth this gulf is bridged so that the captives, after they have paid the full penalty of their misdeeds, satisfied justice, and have accepted the gospel of Christ, having the ordinances attended to in their behalf by their living relatives or friends, receive the passport that entitles them to cross the gulf.

The Lord speaks of this himself in the fifth chapter of John, beginning with the twenty-fourth verse: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

And the Jews marveled. Perhaps they thought he meant those who were "dead in trespasses and sins" should hear his voice. At any rate they marveled. He perceived it and said: "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

Peter tells us that Christ did this very thing:

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit:

By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison:

Which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved.*

Why did he preach to these disobedient spirits? Surely not to increase their torment, to taunt them for not accepting of his truth in the days of the prophets! To tantalize them, and make

* I Peter 3: 18-20.

them more miserable because of the blessings they had lost! Jesus was a merciful Redeemer, who suffered as no other man suffered that he might save the children of his Father. He would take no pleasure in the suffering of the wicked. It was his nature to plead for them, to entreat his Father for mercy in their behalf. Therefore, whatever his mission was, it was one of mercy and comfort to those prisoners. Peter tells us that the object of his visit was that the gospel might be preached also to the dead, "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."**

What good reason can be given why the Lord should not forgive sins in the world to come? Why should man suffer throughout the countless ages of eternity for his sins committed here, if those sins are not unto death? There are many good, honorable men who have wilfully wronged no man, have lived to the best of their opportunities, righteously; yet have not received the gospel, for one reason or another; where would be the justice in condemning them forever in hell, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched?" We learn from the Doctrine and Covenants, that eternal punishment, or everlasting punishment, does not mean that a man condemned will endure this punishment forever, but it is everlasting and eternal, because it is God's punishment, and he is Everlasting and Eternal. Therefore, when a man pays the penalty of his misdeeds and humbly repents, receiving the gospel, he comes out of the prison-house and is assigned to some degree of glory in the kingdom of God, according to his worth and merit.

There are three degrees of glory in this kingdom, the celestial, into which those who keep the whole law shall enter; the terrestrial, in which are found the honorable men of the world, and those who were blinded by the craftiness of men, and were overcome by the things of the world, and also those who have accepted Christ but were not valiant in his cause, and those who died without law among the heathen: the third, or telestial, is that glory which contains the great majority of mankind who differ in their glory as the countless stars of heaven. These are the inhabitants

* I Peter 4: 6.

of the earth who have been unworthy, unclean, unfit for an exaltation in the other kingdoms. And still there will be some who, because of their filthiness and abominations in the flesh, will be unworthy of a kingdom of glory at all. The sons of perdition, those who are lost, having rejected the atonement of Christ and crucified him afresh to themselves, these will be cast out of the kingdom into outer darkness. All the rest shall be saved in some degree of glory in one of the three grand divisions of the kingdom of God. A full discussion of this is found in *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 76.

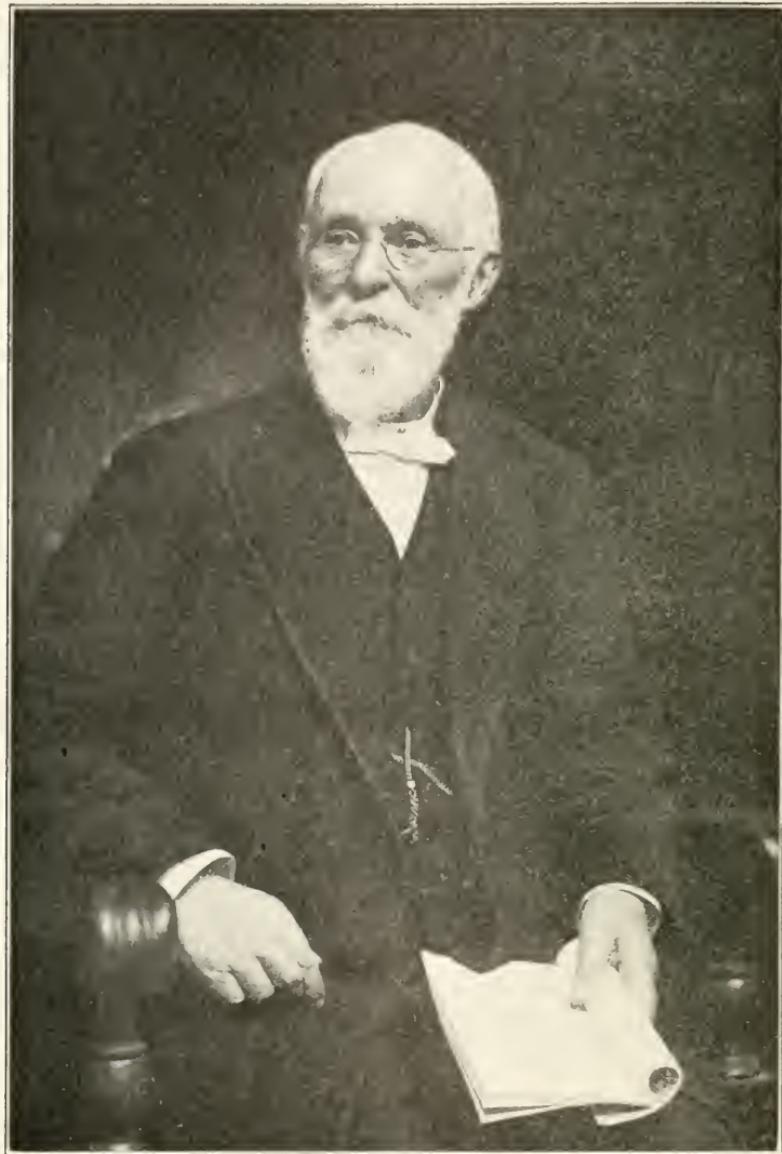
That sins are forgiven in the world to come, we need only refer to the words of the Savior: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come;"* thus showing that some sins will be forgiven in the world to come. We are also informed in First Corinthians, fifteenth chapter, that "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But we have hope in Christ both in this life and in the life to come. Salvation does not come all at once; we are commanded to be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. It will take us ages to accomplish this end, for there will be greater progress beyond the grave, and it will be there that the faithful will overcome all things, and receive all things, even the fulness of the Father's glory.†

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Salt Lake City, Utah.

* Matt. 12: 32.

† Doc. and Cov. 84: 38.



PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

Whose 88th anniversary occurs on December 11, was born in Biddenden, Kent, England, in the year 1821. Tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints throughout the world join the ERA in wishing the beloved veteran leader many years yet of continued usefulness, with every blessing that his heart desires.

Peoples and Places in the Orient.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

VI.—Under the Stars and Stripes.

The S. S. *Siberia* having come to the Asiatic end of her voyage, we sailed from Hongkong to Manila in the *Zafiro*, a boat of twenty-five hundred tons, quite an unsatisfactory change from the palatial steamer of eighteen thousand tons. The China and Manila Steamship Company has two boats, the *Zafiro* and *Rubi*, which ply weekly between Hongkong and Manila. Most of the United States transports now take a much shorter route, via Nagasaki, Japan. An old sailor informed me that the China Sea was the



Spanish Batteries on Manila Wall.

roughest body of water in the world, with the exception of the English Channel. I have now tried both, and do not doubt his veracity. I was put in cold storage for thirty hours in crossing it!

The world is not so wide but one may hear in most places a gentle reminder of friends and home. Seated next to me at the dining table were Milton Jackson and his wife; he is a prominent shelf-hardware manufacturer of Philadelphia. Mrs. Jackson asked in regard to Amanda Mousley, afterwards Mrs. Angus M. Cannon. The lady stated that they went to school together, as near as she could recollect, about fifty years ago. She remembers bidding her good-bye at Centerville, Delaware, and thought, as her team started, of the hardships her schoolmate would have to pass through somewhere in the great wild West.

We followed the route that Dewey took before that memorable May Day, in 1898, and in sixty-four hours arrived at Manila Bay, once more under the Stars and Stripes. Steadily we sail past the island of Corregidore, standing like a sentinel to guard the narrow entrance; and after steaming several miles through the blue waters of the Bay, we anchor behind the newly built breakwaters in front of the Luneta. The harbor has been extensively improved since American occupation. An inner basin has been constructed in which the S. S. *Minnesota*, the largest ship that flies the American flag, is anchored in safety. A number of wharfs are being built at which vessels may come alongside to receive and discharge cargo. When the port works are completed, Manila will have one of the finest and safest harbors in the Far East. Because of her geographical position, she will be at the very doorway of Asia, midway between the rich, newly opening territories of North China, and the thickly populated possessions of England in India—in fact, one of the most important seaports in the Orient.

A few words about Manila, the capital of our Philippine archipelago. Situated on the western side of the island of Luzon, at the mouth of the river Pasig, the city was founded in 1571. Several real business-like earthquakes have contributed their best to wipe it out of existence, but like San Francisco, it refused to be dislodged. The city is practically divided into two parts, the official, or walled city, built on the left bank of the Pasig river, and the commercial city, situated on the island of Bin-

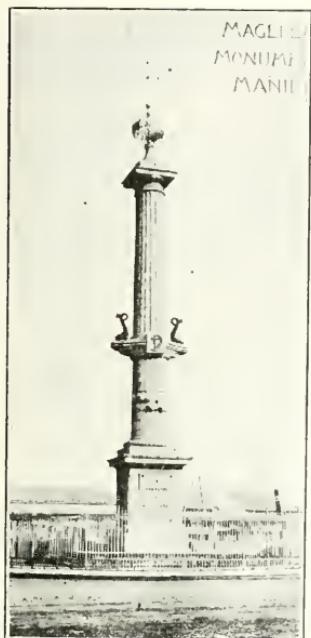
ondo, which forms the right bank of the same river. It is a city of contrasts. It is of the East, yet the young and vigorous West

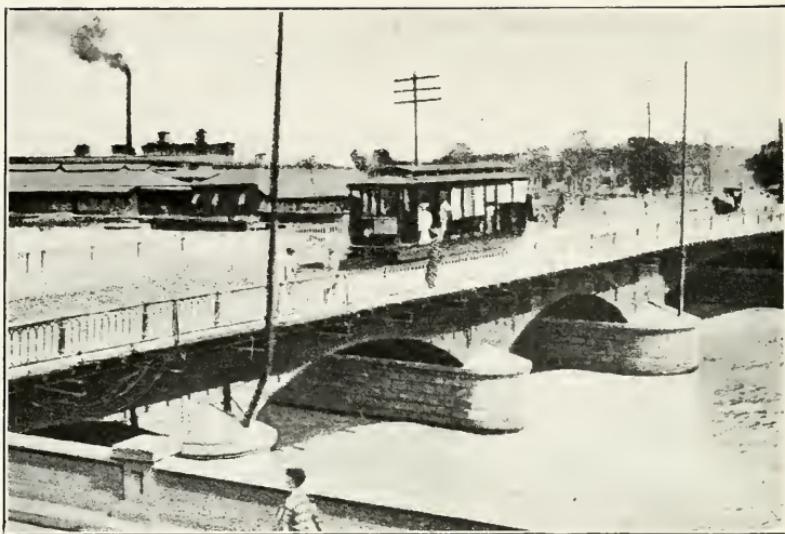
seems to have discovered it a country in which to work great changes. The Americans found conditions of "Long years ago in old Madrid," and the dreaminess and the quietness of the old town set the Yankee nerves on edge. The Spanish occupation has left its earmarks on churches, buildings, nomenclature, native dress and customs, and now both the city and its inhabitants present a curious Old World aspect, tempered by hustling Americans and tropical surroundings.

An American trolley-car goes whizzing along the narrow Spanish streets, through the old historic walls, with openings made in them as a sacrifice to modern invention. The street cars have efficient Filipino motormen and conductors dressed in Khaki uniform. They speak some English, and are courteous to the traveling public.

Magellan Monument, Manila

During the heat of the day, business is light, but towards evening the rush commences. The cars are loaded to the steps with English, Spanish and American business men, United States soldiers, jolly Jack tars, American summer girls, also Filipino and Spanish senoritas. See it swing around the corner of the Plaza McKinley, —once upon a day the Plaza DePalasio,—with its statue of King Carlos IV of Spain, and its rare old cathedral. Watch it disappear under the waving palms, through the avenue of red fir trees, burrow through a breach in the old city wall, rumble over the Santa Cruz Bridge, and go clanging down the Escolta which for centuries has been traversed by no swifter traffic than the slow, ambling carabo or the sturdy Filipino pony. The Chinese made several attempts to introduce their popular mode of conveyance, the jinrikisha, in the Philippines, but the effort proved a





Bridge of Spain, Manila, P. I.

dire failure. The Filipinos ran into them with their clumsy carts drawn by the carabo, or "water buffalo," and demolished scores of them. They also went so far as to deliberately stone the jinrikisha drawers; in fact, for some reason, they had an intense hatred of the pull-man system that is used so extensively in China and Japan.



Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

Street Scene, Manila.

Water Buffalo Pulling a Load of
Baled Hay.

An old friend of mine, Mr. R. C. Galland, of the United States Treasury, kindly offered to escort us to the places of interest, which offer was accepted with thanks. Next morning, snugly ensconced in a cozy victoria drawn by a pair of sturdy ponies, we were ready for a strenuous day of sightseeing.

The first place visited was the oldest church in the city, which stands at the corner of Calla Palasio and Calla Real. Here the

order of San Augustin dedicated its first building in Spain's new possessions, on the 24th of June, 1571. Some two years later, this building was completely destroyed by fire, and the present building arose from the ruins. This huge work was undertaken in 1599, and the structure was reared under the direction of Juan Marcias, and the famous lay brother, Antonio Herera, a son of the Spanish architect of the Escorial. The strength of its massive walls is attested by the fact that they have withstood all great earthquake shocks, which have proved the ruin of so many fine buildings in times past. Within the church lie the remains of the celebrated discoverers, Salceda and Legaspi, whose daring genius and indomitable wills wrought much of Spain's early history in these



Vaults, Paco Cemetery, Manila.

islands. While externally not so imposing as many of its companions, the church of San Ignatius, on Calla Arzobispo, presents much that is beautiful. An exterior strikingly modern in design and execution, and destitute of architectural comeliness, is more than atoned for by the interior work of decoration, which is most graceful and cannot fail to charm the beholders. The scheme is wrought in carved molave, and the design and finish of the work

are of the highest artistic merit. The ceiling, the huge pillars, and the beautiful, carved pulpit, are all native handiwork. We gazed in wonder, and were impressed with the religious atmosphere,—that mystic something which seems to hover about the saintly edifice. It contains many choice treasures, and the mellow tinge of time lends a halo to the whole structure. The convents of Manila, which are attached to the churches, are treasure-houses of the relics of centuries, for whose possession the antiquarians would pay fabulous prices. Old volumes of the middle ages are there, and paintings almost obliterated by time decorate the walls of these monasteries, and in looking upon them one seems to be transported back into the misty past, of which they are silent witnesses.

The next place of interest was Paco Cemetery. Owing to the flat, marshy character of the country surrounding Manila, the custom of placing the dead in graves dug in the earth has not been generally adopted as a final disposition of the city's dead. From these conditions arose the system of rearing thick walls of stone, enclosing an area of greater or less extent, and in these walls building niches in which the bodies were placed. The Paco burial place was built many years ago by the city of Manila, under plans executed in Spain. The walls, which vary from seven to eight feet thick, are circular in form, and built to stand for ages. One of the peculiarities is the recent dates exhibited on the slabs of the different vaults in the wall. Although the cemetery is about a century and a half old, none of these inscriptions shows an age greater than five or ten years. A few moments later this mystery was explained. By a narrow stone stairway we ascended to the top of the wall, and, looking down, we saw an enormous pile of human bones and skulls. About a dozen nearly naked Filipinos were standing in the midst of them, with narrow hoes and shovels in their hands. They had dug a trench in the bone pile, four by five feet, and about ten feet long, and had put the human bones into large sacks which were standing in rows ready to be carted off to the crematory.

As I approached, one of the natives said a few words in Spanish, and held out a skull for me to take. My friend informed me they wanted me to take the ghastly thing home as a souvenir. He

explained to me that when bodies are placed in the vault, the relatives or friends of the deceased pay a rental of thirty-five dollars for the first five years, and five dollars annually thereafter. For this fee the remains lie undisturbed, but upon failure to pay the amount each year, the bones are unceremoniously thrown into the bone heap. "Alas, poor Yorick!" I thought of the mimic scene in Hamlet, and it paled in contrast with the one on the real stage before me now. As the chimes of the vesper bells from the nearby convent were wafted out upon the still air, I thought, as I stared in wonder, whether in such bone-heaps some great member of the Spanish Inquisition ever found his last repose. It seems impossible, yet it is true, that in this gruesome pile lie the bones of many who are immortalized in history, whose deeds of valor live in fame, and to whose memory the world pays just and merited tribute.

The English cemetery is located in San Pedso Macati. At Fort William McKinley, America's soldier dead find a resting place among the flowers and sunshine of the Eastern tropics.

Bilibid prison covers an area of about nineteen acres on which there are fifty odd buildings. It is the largest prison under the control of the American government, and is said to be the largest in the world. The total average number of prisoners sentenced to Bilibid is about five thousand a year. However, the daily prison population varies from three to five thousand, according to the number of prisoners employed on public works on the various parts of the islands. Bilibid prison differs from the usual penal institutions in several respects: in the reformatory methods employed, in the endeavor to prepare the inmates for good citizenship, and to gain for them an honorable position in the community on their release. They have a fine brass band, all natives, which plays every evening while the prisoners are on parade. The day and night schools are very important features, both of which are conducted by the prisoners themselves. Various trades are taught to the prisoners by the most competent instructors available. The trades taught are blacksmithing, machine iron-working, carriage and wagon-making in all its branches, wicker-ware-furniture manufacturing, tailoring, carpentering, cabinet-making, machine wood-working, painting, furniture finishing and

polishing, timber testing, shoemaking, tinsmithing, soap-making, cooking, baking, making buttons, in fact, work in nearly all branches of trade. Prisoners who have received their training at Bilibid prison, and who, on being released, have been employed at the various vocations for which they are best fitted, have been highly commended for the faithful and excellent performance of their work. The prison management seeks to assist the prisoners on their discharge, to secure employment and to make them feel that they can ask for advice and guidance at any and all times.

There are 1,230,000 children of school age, between nine and fifteen years, in the islands. Visitors are extremely welcome to the schools as the teachers are proud of the good work of education. We notice at once that there are no vacant seats, the children are clean and neat, absorbed in their work, and those of a grade seem nearly of the same age. School opens with prayer. Then, for about half an hour, they are trained in singing some familiar American songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Home, Sweet Home," with some Filipino songs set to our music, and calculated to bring home to the children a love and an appreciation of the islands as a whole. One is imbued with an enthusiasm not untouched by pathos, at the sympathetic yet vigorous rendition of national and religious songs by the native children under the Stars and Stripes in our distant islands. Filipino children are seriously inclined, and become intensely interested in school work. They are taught the geography of the United States and of the world, but particularly that of the Philippines—the peoples, harbors, mountains, various agricultural districts, and especially the relation of their islands to the rest of the Orient. While the Philippines have contributed to bring the United States into prominence in the eastern world, for that is what American occupation really means, on the other hand, it tends to bring the Filipinos out of the isolation they were in, to a great degree, under Spanish rule. The average attendance in the public schools, according to the last census, is seventy-three pupils to the teacher. As early as 1902, forty-one per cent of the school children in Manila could use English, and throughout the archipelago at that time the difference in favor of Spanish over English was only six per cent.

We next drive to Luneta, where nearly all Manila goes these warm May evenings, to enjoy the sea breezes and listen to the music discoursed by the Constabulary band, one of the finest musical organizations in the world. Luneta is rapidly being converted into a beautiful park, and the oval drive, enclosing two band stands surrounded by lawns, is thronged with conveyances of all descriptions, while the park is sprinkled with people of all ages and garbs, a purely cosmopolitan crowd. There appears to be no country nor race in the world, especially the oriental world, without their representatives. As the tropical sun declines, the glorious tints and the perfect cloud effect are most beautiful. The Luneta is a hallowed spot to the Filipinos, for here their patriot Rizel was executed on the morning of December 30, 1896, and each year his compatriots gather on that day and place to do honor to his memory. Soon the place will be marked by an imposing monument to his memory.

The next day we traveled over the entire electric car line



The Luneta, Manila.

system. There are a number of charming residences on the bank of the Pasig river. We pass the Botanical Gardens, the new post office, and other public buildings. On the San Juantine, we observe the Santa Cruz church, the Steel church, (so named because it was all shipped from the United States in sections) the Rotunda, and

then we ride on to Santa Mesa. The Santa Mesa heights, are a favorite residence spot for many of the American and foreign residents. At the end of the car line is the San Juan Bridge, the scene of the opening of the Philippine insurrection. The trip to Pasig takes one

through Intravenroe, past the Luneta, and through the districts of Emuta and Malate. We see the Filipinos in their native environments. Here are their little thatched homes built on stilts, the framework being entirely made of bamboo, and tied with rattan, a vine as strong as rope. The peasants and poorer classes have no windows in their homes. They generally go to rest at nightfall. The



Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

A Filipino House, Paray, P. I.

floors are made from split bamboo, and one can see through the cracks to the ground beneath, where the chickens, the nearest to the Filipino next to his family, have their headquarters. Little stores are numerous and consist merely of a shaded counter enclosed in a dwelling along the highway. Their stock is fully displayed to the passer-by. It is mostly soda pop, ginger ale, colored candies, preserved milk, fruits, betel nuts, and always cigars and cigarettes. To see the men washing clothes in the Pasig river, was a new and engaging sight. They soaked them in the river, rubbed soap over them, then severely beat them on flat stones. It was rough on the dirt, but evidently much more so on the clothes. While at work they laugh and enjoy themselves like so many children. The Filipinos may sometimes be petulant and rebellious—but they are also hospitable to all, gentle, peaceable, gay and fond of amusement, religiously inclined, and, for a tropical race, remarkably industrious.

By steamer we crossed the bay, going ten miles from the capital to the old naval town of Cavite, picturesque, but small. It has played an important part in the history of the East, but now, excepting the busy scenes to be found about the navy yard,

seems to have dropped back to the fifteenth century. Its churches and walls are moss grown and crumbling. The clang of modern machinery, and the din of the naval shops vie with mediaeval streets and structures to waken the interest of the traveler. In the bay fronting Cavite, are the waters over which thundered the guns of Admiral Dewey on that fateful May 1, 1898, when her fleet was sunk and Spain's supremacy in the Orient was destroyed! The sunken Spanish vessels, which for years showed their upper works above the blue waters, have now been removed from the path of peaceful navigation.

Returning by train, we passed through some twenty miles of charming bits of scenery surrounding Manila. The total commerce of the Philippines amounts to more than sixty-three million dollars a year. The imports are more than thirty million dollars, and exports about thirty-five million dollars. Ten million dollars worth of goods are imported from Europe annually, and as the amount is found to be increasing, it is a prize meriting consideration by our American exporters. If the Philippine trade could be secured it would give prestige to the country that could secure it, and besides would be a wedge to pry open the lid of commerce in other parts of the Orient.

The wonderful progress made here since the Stars and Stripes were unfurled is a story too long to tell. It seems little short of marvelous when one views the progress of the public schools, alone, to say nothing of the improved sanitation, the electric and steam railroads, harbor improvements and the almost perfect fire department organized under the supervision of Hugh Bonner, the veteran fire-chief of New York. Despite the fact that the islands have belonged to the United States now for something like ten years, only a very small proportion of the American people have taken the trouble to inform themselves as to the actual conditions and present needs. A great many disapprove of colonial possessions, but it is too late now to talk anti-imperialism. The Fates have ruled that we are to take up our share of the white man's burden, and to colonize at least a small slice of the big world.

Manila, P. I.



The Glory of Bethlehem.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)



In Bethlehem I stood—’twas eve, ere yet
The dying sun was hid in banks of gold,
His brilliant glory spreads a radiance far—
Bathes Moab’s mountains as with splendor old.

A golden crown rests on their rugged heights,
Lights up the dark ravines where shadows brood,
Then slowly fades the glow, and purple mists
Fall gently, nestling there in tender mood.

Judea’s plains lie ’twixt that scene and me;
Dividing rows of hedge are clear to sight;
“The Shepherds’ Fields” with flocks were dotted o’er
When blazed the star upon that wondrous night.

Here mortal ears heard sweetest heavenly strains,
The music soft e’en now blends with the air:
“Peace, peace on earth,” angelic voices sing,—
That restful peace is hov’ring everywhere.

The fields of Boaz catch the rays of gold;
They glisten where the wheat fields stood of yore,
When gleaners homeward bore the drooping sheaves,
Rejoicing at the harvest’s plenteous store.

That dusty road winds here to Bethlehem,
Around from o’er the mountains far away;
It is the highway where they came of old,
The taxes here at Bethlehem to pay.

Truth's signet is on this most thrilling scene,
 O'er Bethlehem, where Jesus Christ was born;
 Though silent now the "Hallelujah Song."
 Lo! here 'twas heard on that first Christmas morn.

Intent I gaze—the panorama grand still here,
 When man-made glories wrecked and ruined lie—
 The landscape fair as on that glorious day,
 When angels sang the sweetest lullaby.

Still here the peace his coming brought to earth,
 And love, the love he taught to ev'ry man.
 The spirit ne'er departing breathes of him
 Who glorified the Father, wrought the gospel plan.

Lives Bethlehem a world-famed city still,
 Stands here the church of "The Nativity;"
 The advent of the Lord God manifest,
 Hath sealed for aye, its sacred history.

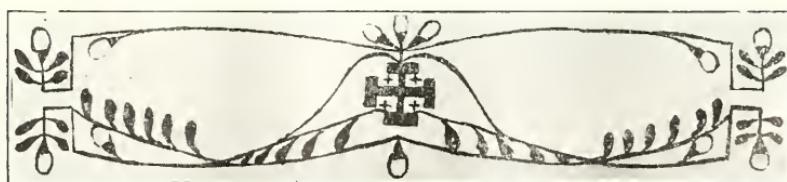
And people living here the simple life,
 Slow dream away the days that come and go;
 Unconscious that a world owns Bethlehem,
 Or that its wondrous star fore'er will glow.

When Christmas carols sound o'er land and sea
 Love's off'ring to the Christ of Bethlehem;
 O'er fair Judea's plains still gleam the stars
 That listened when the angels sang to men.

I turn to other lands, roam o'er the earth,
 Yet memory paints this bright Judean scene;
 The mountains dipp'd in gold, birds slow of wing,
 And crimson clouds with rifts of gold between.

LYDIA D. ALDER

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

II.—Isaac H. Grace.

BRAINS ON THE FARM.

When you look upon two farms on opposite sides of the road and see that, out of apparently the same soil and conditions, one yields more and better wheat, oats, potatoes, or whatnot, than the other, you naturally ask, "What is the reason for this difference?"



Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Grace. Moreover, he is a fine type of the high-class, thinking, successful

And it is quite right that you should. But ten to one you will find the difference in the men who cultivate the two pieces of land, and in the methods they pursue.

Isaac H. Grace, so modest that he will be afraid to read this, was born at Nephi. And he has lived there all his life, except the three years he spent on the Pacific islands doing missionary work. He is a counselor in the presidency of the Juab stake.

farmer. It is doubtful if you can find anywhere in our country a better example of what a farmer ought to be. You may find men who cultivate more land. You may find men who are richer. But you will probably not find anyone who could better answer to the call of the twentieth century farm.

Isaac H. Grace began at the bottom. You cannot find in Nephi today a house so poor as the one he used to live in. His father came from England, in 1851, settled in hard circumstances at Nephi, and died when Isaac, who was the eldest of a large family, was thirteen years old. The father left a hundred-acre farm, which a good many people would look upon as a mere incumbrance,—a stone tied around the neck—in those days of low values. But it proved the richest possible heritage to the Graces, since it meant work, resource, responsibility.

Of course, young Isaac, before his father died, went to school, but what a school! He had to quit each year before the brief term was out; and when he went again, he covered the same ground that he had done the year before. He was a great speller—this was his stronghold—and he mowed down the whole row of spellers, just as he has often done since with the tall stands of lucern and timothy. That was a great consolation, and compensated for the dearth and uninterest in the other branches.

Isaac hired out at day's wages, when the head of the family, the bread winner, was stricken down. He had to. The farm was rented out. But it was badly managed—which wrung Isaac's heart; and proved, at the same time, that he was a born farmer. Besides, it brought little or nothing in, and that was important. And so, as soon as he could, he brought the old homestead under his own and his brothers' care. They hired a man to run it, keeping the control themselves, and since then it has yielded a larger return than any farm of similar acreage in the locality.

In 1897, when President Lyman was down there, and he and Mr. Grace were on the depot platform waiting for Elder Lyman's train, the latter asked, after his fashion:

"What's that land on the bench there?" pointing to the western ridge.

"Oh," was the laughing answer, "that's our non-irrigable land. Nobody can do anything with it."

Nevertheless, said President Lyman, as if he hadn't heard the slander, "Why don't you take it up?"

Then the conversation ended—the train coming along.

By this time, though, the three boys, at the suggestion of Issac, had formed a company—a sort of united order on a small scale. They lumped their property and earnings. This has proved a far-sighted move, for when the reservoir scheme fell through, the other year, and men lost money on every hand, the loss of the ten thousand dollars the Grace brothers had put into it, was shared among them. But the results of this move have been far from negative merely. It has enabled them to engage in enterprises which otherwise would not have been possible. Each has profited by the wisdom and judgment of the others. For a time, they put every spare dollar that any of them earned into sheep, of which in the end they sold a big flock at a good figure. During these years Isaac worked as carpenter, which occupation he characteristically transformed into that of contractor.

But always Isaac's heart yearned for the farm, wholly. To be sure, he had farmed meantime, but on a small scale. He longed to give his entire time to it. And this conversation with President Lyman proved the occasion.

Mind you, nobody had ever heard, in those days, of dry farming. Isaac knew nothing of the dry farm. But of that barren bench land the Grace brothers took up a quarter-section each, anyway. None of them knew what to do with the farm except to cultivate it—which they did out of sheer pity for the land that it should lie idle. Of course everybody laughed at them for engaging in such a bootless enterprise. And now the Grace brothers are laughing, and the others—well, they have taken to cultivating the dry farm, too, on the bench and elsewhere.

And now we come to the interesting part. With the hundred-acre farm in the valley and the thousand-acre farm on the bench—for this is what those three quarter-sections became—and with only himself to run them, Isaac knew that he would have to economize his time amazingly. Now, this man, when he finds that a certain thing has to be done, sets his mind to work betimes on the problem. So he said to himself, "Here I have a man, a team, and a harrow, and over yonder a man, a team, and a harrow. Why

couldn't I put *two* teams on a big harrow, let *one* man drive them both, and put this other man somewhere else?"

A very proper thing, you see. But where, Mr. Grace, is your big harrow? We have you here on the hip. Not at all! Not at all! For he invents a harrow big enough for four horses: "It won't work," protested the blacksmith who, against his better "judgment," had been almost cudgelled into making it. "Never you mind," was the reply, "You make it, anyhow." And it *did* work. This practical line of reasoning was followed when any plowing was to be done, or sowing, or reaping—only, there happened to be in these cases no need for invention. If there had been, though, depend upon it, inventions would have followed; for Mr. Grace is not a man to stumble at a little thing like having no proper tools.

There is a pretty story, too, about that fine harvester on the Grace farm. He formerly used the header, like all his neighbors. He got the second header in Juab valley—the best that could be got. It took four horses to run it. But latterly on that big farm, it became increasingly hard to get hands. Here he was "up against it," as the boys put it. But there was another thing. The header, he thought, was needlessly expensive—there was too much waste around the stack. Now it happened that over the mountain in Dog valley, the Widtsoe Dry Farming company had a harvester. Mr. Grace went over and looked at it, talked with the agent of the house which sold the machine, and convinced his brothers, who were a bit conservative, that they ought to get one. With the header it cost just three dollars and twenty-five cents an acre, all told. A little figuring showed Mr. Grace that with the harvester, which cuts and threshes and sacks the grain, the thing could be done for one dollar and a half. As a matter of fact, he told me that now it costs exactly one dollar and forty-five cents. The harvester was paid for in two seasons—that is, he could buy a harvester every two years out of the difference in the work, not counting the waste resulting from the use of the header.

And that was not all. The Widtsoe farm had a steam engine to pull the plow and the harvester. But Mr. Grace decided that for him it was cheaper not to get one. And for this characteristic reason: He had to have horses, twenty-four of them, to run the

harvester. As long as he had to keep them, he might just as well use them on the plow. It would cost no more to keep them working than it would to keep them idle. Besides, he believes that the wide wheels of the steam plow pack the ground, and thus bring smaller returns by exactly that much. And so he does all his work with horses.

I knew I should get a sensible answer to my question, and so I asked what he thought a boy ought to have in the way of qualifications for success on the farm. And this was his answer:

"First, he ought to like farming." Mr. Grace, you should know, has done this himself. He is at home on the farm. He lives with his hand on earth's pulse. He studies the soil, the plants, with singular care and affection. "And so," he went on, "a boy ought to make up his mind to be contented there, or to get off and go where he can be contented. We never do well what we put only half a heart into." Which is sound, common sense not only on the farm, but everywhere else.

"Why do so many boys leave the farm?" I asked. He did not answer the question directly.

"If I had a son," he replied—Mr. Grace has only one child, a daughter—"this is what I would do with him: I would send him to a good agricultural college. I would give him the benefit of the best information anywhere on the matter of farming. You know," he went on parenthetically, "I believe fully in the work of agricultural colleges. Some farmers don't, but I do. We don't know everything—we who have been raised on a farm. Last year I spent two months at Provo attending the summer institute. At these institutes we can get a lot that will help us in our work. And so I would have my boy up to date in scientific knowledge.

"Meantime, if I could, I would work with him in the field, and I wouldn't give him such work either as I didn't want to do myself. I believe in treating everybody—animals and all—just as I would like to be treated myself." Mr. Grace has always said that if there are animals in heaven, his will all come back to him, because he has treated them well.

"Then I would give him the best tools I could buy. Some don't do this. They give John and William the old set of harness, the dull hoe with the cracked handle. I don't believe in that.

Men and boys, whether your own or others, will always do better work, they will take more pride in their work, when you give them good tools to work with. In a word, I'd make the conditions on the farm just as favorable to cheerfulness and contentment as I could.

"Do you think my boy would become disgusted with farm-life then, and want to become a clerk in a store, a bookkeeper, a dependent worker for daily wage in town or city?"

Salt Lake City, Utah.

God's Victory.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

When people think we're mad
Because they cannot see,
And we pity and turn glad—
Is that not victory?

When we are sore derided
Through hate and jealousy,
And then leave foes unchided—
Is that not victory?

When we can give the slighted
More aid than sympathy,
And then leave foes unchided—
Is that not victory?

When we can make all discord
Strike tones for harmony,
And then hear one great concord—
Is that not victory?

When we can see great visions
How all might happy be,
And then change world conditions—
Is that not victory?

When last we see the greatest good
In strong posterity,
And then train youth for parenthood—
Is that not victory?

When everything for childhood's done,
 When every one is free,
 Ah, then, the race of God is won!
 Yes, then 'tis victory!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WILLIAM J. KOHLBERG.



Photo by Gerald Anderson.

Deseret Gymnasium, looking north-east across the great hotel foundation



Photo by George Albert Smith

Interior View of Cliff Dwelling, near Grayson, Utah.
 The young man in the picture is Edward Lyman, son of Platt Lyman.

Editor's Table.

Home Industry.

Have you looked about to see how many industries there are in our towns and cities? If not, there is an agreeable surprise for you, if you will investigate. Aside from the great sugar plants, which produce annually many millions; the splendid canning institutions, which preserve train loads of fruits and vegetables for home consumption and export; the millions that accrue annually from the great and only partially developed mining operations of our state, and the immense productions of the modern farms and gardens, it is really a big surprise to learn what large sums of money are invested and the thousands of workers interested in the several hundred other remunerative home industries in operation throughout the land. But this surprise is perhaps not so great as the fact that few of the general public appear to care whether or not the home goods are purchased and used in our midst. They often prefer imported goods—not so good and just as costly.

The commercial clubs have lately awakened to the need of "boosting" for home industries and productions, and have even asked for a hearing of their representatives in the meetinghouses of the people, deeming the gospel of home industry and temporal salvation, not unfit to be taught in the temples of spiritual worship. And they are very properly given a hearing, too.

At the last general conference of the Church, President Joseph F. Smith sounded the key note to the situation, in addition to calling forceful attention to the value of teaching our children

to become expert industrial workers. Manly scientific industrial work, manual trades and farming, are often tabooed for fancy, feminine occupations, and the professions—a condition that the coming captains of home industry and the trades will soon prove to be fallacious. What President Smith said on this subject is to the point and very appropriate just now:

"If any people in the world should believe in the propriety and necessity of home industry, it is the Latter-day Saints. On the back of that, if there is a people anywhere in the intermountain region, or anywhere else, who have failed more completely in maintaining and supporting some kinds of home industry, than we have, I do not know them. However much we may believe in it, we have not patronized it as we should; we have neglected it and let it go to the wall. President Young started up industries, home manufactures, and urged the matter upon the brethren. Factories were started under the administration of President Young in this valley, and to the north of us in Weber county, and in Provo, Springville, in Washington county—this side of St. George, and in Beaver. He was earnest about it; he saw the necessity for it, but nearly every one of those enterprises which he inaugurated, even to the manufacture of nails, in that early day, has gone to the wall. What for? Of course eliminating the manufacture of nails (for a factory was established for that purpose) the industry of raising cotton, of spinning cotton, of manufacturing our wool products into cloth and into other things that are useful, every one of these things has gone by the board; because labor was a little higher here, and cloth could not be produced here quite as cheap, within a few cents per yard, as the shoddy that is produced in the east could be made and sent here, we preferred the shoddy to the real goods, and we bought the shoddy and wore it, and let home manufacture go to the wall, and yet we believe in home manufacture! I wish we could produce here everything that is essential to our well-being—both for food and raiment, and everything else, and I hope that the spirit of it will come upon us. I do not want to boast, but I want to tell you that I have the honor of wearing the last piece of home-made goods produced in Utah. I look about as well as some of you in your shoddy. [Laughter.] Of course, I may not be a judge of my own appearance. You can

judge of my appearance, and I can judge of yours; but if I may judge of my own appearance and my apparel, I have the opinion that my coat and vest look just about as well as some that you wear, and mine are home-made. For the last forty years I have worn home-made goods, and I have paid just a little more than I could get shoddy for, I would have been glad to have done this right along, year after year, rather than to see this home industry fall to the ground for want of patronage. Here is Brother Smoot, who has been engaged in the manufacture of woolen goods, he can speak from the figures, for he is more familiar with figures than I am.

"We want to make these valleys of the mountains teem with the products of our own labor, and skill, and intelligence. I believe it to be suicidal for us to patronize those at a distance from us, when we should and could go to work and organize our labor and produce everything at home; we might thereby give employment to everybody at home, develop the intelligence and the skill of our children, instead of letting them hunt after these fancy occupations that so many young people desire above manual labor. The schools of the Latter-day Saints and some of the state schools are beginning to introduce manual labor. Some of our boys are learning how to make tables, chairs, sofas, bookcases, bureaus, and all that sort of thing—all good as far as it goes; but if we want a mason to lay brick, we have to look mostly to some man that has come from England or Germany, or somewhere else to lay our brick. Why? Because our boys do not like to lay brick. If we want a good blacksmith, we must hunt up some foreigner who has learned the trade in his mother country, and who has come here with a knowledge of blacksmithing; we must find such a man before we can get blacksmithing done, because boys do not like to be blacksmiths. They don't like even to be farmers; they would rather be lawyers or doctors than to be farmers. This is the case with too many of our boys, and it is a great mistake. I hope the time will come when the children of the Latter-day Saints will learn that all labor that is necessary for the happiness of themselves and of their neighbors, or of mankind in general, is honorable; and that no man is degrading himself because he can lay brick or carry on carpentry or blacksmithing or any kind of mech-

anism, no matter what it is, but that all these things are honorable, and are necessary for the welfare of man and for the building up of the commonwealth.''

President John R. Winder.

Perhaps no man in the Church represents more clearly the follies of Dr. Ostler's alleged generalizations in regard to activity and initiative in old age than the man who stands second in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—President John R. Winder, whose portrait is presented in this issue of the ERA. Much of his work in this Church that will live longest has been done since he reached his three-score years and ten. He is eighty-eight years of age on the 11th of this month, and is as active, busy and vigorous in mind and body today as if thirty years were taken from this reckoning. He reads all the Church correspondence, and has missed only one day in attendance at his labors in the Temple in sixteen years; he counsels and assists in the presiding labors of the Church with great vivacity; vigorously walks his mile each day, sleeps quietly, speaks quickly, thinks rapidly and well, and is the trusted friend and associate of President Joseph F. Smith, and his fellow-counselor, President Anthon H. Lund.

A life as fruitful of good works as his, is also full of useful lessons, and becomes an interesting study for the young people of Zion. The ERA will later contain a sketch of his life and labors, with a number of illustrations in and about his birthplace in England. We are certain that such a sketch will be of great interest to our readers.

The Gospel in Art.

Just as rich in thought as an Emerson essay are these words of John Hafen, the artist, now at Indianapolis, Indiana. They are culled from a letter to a friend in Salt Lake City, who has kindly permitted the IMPROVEMENT ERA to print them:

"It is not likely that I ever will produce as much work in any given time as I have heretofore. When we grow somewhat old in experience, we are not as easily satisfied. We have ideals which are well-nigh impossible of attainment. But we must try, to our utmost. Even our ideals are according to our capacity, that is, they are higher and more difficult of attainment in the more matured and experienced time of life than in the earliest days of our student career.

"Since associating with the painters of the world, and being able to see the works of important painters from time to time, I have had especial reasons to be grateful that my lot has been cast amongst the Latter-day Saints, so that I have been drawn in the way of receiving the great help of the gospel, in my studies in art. In my previous visits to the world, I was not so advanced, and was therefore overawed by the higher attainments of my fellow professionals, and knew not where I was going, nor when I would get there. Now that my hairs have turned white with time and a diligent, long, hard fight for what there is good in my grand profession, I can take a glance over the field of the world's accomplishment, at least from a high eminence, and can see better now than ever before what the Lord has and is doing for me, in reward for my trust and faith in him. Not only can I comprehend the works of other men, but also my own, better than I ever could before. And I will say this, with an absolute surety, that much depends upon character in obtaining excellence in art. Painters of the world using tobacco and strong drink, and indulging in immoral practices, and leading any sort of a haphazard kind of life, can no more produce an art that will live than we can make water run up hill. I will allow that once or twice in a century men or women are born who are abnormally gifted and blessed with such mental and physical powers that those destructive agencies have not power to down them, even if they do practice them, which has been the case in some rare instances. But the fact has no bearing on the common run of human beings who are born into this world.

"Good art is also much dependent on truth. A man or woman who has wrong ideas of his or her individuality, of religion, of God, and of duty, cannot become a great artist, be they ever

so gifted. I allow of no exceptions to this rule at all. Hence we can see plainly what great benefit the light and inspiration of the gospel is to mankind.

"Scepticism and infidelity have made men careless, in this age of the world, regarding divine truths, and the result is that this age has not produced, and so far as I can see, is not producing, a Rembrandt or a Velasquez, or any painters such as a dozen or so of the old masters. The critics and commentators on art-history may say what they please, but there is spiritual depth in the works of the past masters that is absent in the modern man. America will have to wake up before it can produce any more such as Inness, Wyant, Homer or Martin. Those men were of the old school of reverence for religion."

The Book of Mormon in Japanese.

The ERA has received a copy of the *Moromon Kei*, the Book of Mormon, in the Japanese language. This translation was published by the Japan Mission on the 10th of October, 1909, at Tokyo, Japan, under the personal direction of Elder Alma O. Taylor, president of the mission, by whom also it was translated. It is printed by the Shueisha press. We heartily congratulate President Taylor upon the completion of this stupendous work.

In glancing over the pages and scanning the characters therein, one is lead to wonder how such a difficult task could be accomplished, even in the five years of time it has taken to do it. The translation began on the evening of Monday, January 18, 1904.

The book is artistically printed, from a mechanical point of view, on good paper, and in large, clear characters, and is handsomely bound. It contains 977 pages. The list of contents fills twenty-six pages; there are four pages of explanations, one page to each of the testimonies, and two pages of the translation of the English title. It has also a page of explanations of the use of references, abbreviation marks, etc.

The Book of Mormon is thus once more translated into a foreign language. Not only is President Taylor to be congratulated

upon this stupendous task which is now completed, but the Church also. The Latter-day Saints are enabled to step in, because of this translation, upon the ground-floor, so to speak, of the grand awakening to the adoption of western ideas and religions now so manifest in the Orient. This awakening among the oriental nations we believe to be another sign among the many wonderful signs to be shown in the dispensation of the Fulness of Times in which we live, when all the nations of the world are to have the gospel proclaimed to them. The Lord is moving in a mysterious way to perform the "marvelous work and a wonder" which was revealed in the latter-days through the Prophet Joseph Smith; and those who watch these signs may realize how gloriously he is removing obstacles that stand in the way for the universal proclamation of his word to all the nations of the earth.

The receipt of this wonderful translation of the Book of Mormon in the Japanese language has awakened us from the tasks and toils of the day to a partial realization of the marvelous times that are before us, and to the wonderful work that is being done by the Saints in the proclamation of the gospel.

Since the completion of the *Concordance of the Book of Mormon*, a few years ago, by Elder George Reynolds, no other work relating to the Book of Mormon has presented such stupendous labor; and we believe that counting first the bringing forth of the book itself by the Prophet Joseph Smith, this event stands third in magnitude in its marvelous history and progress.

Of course, we have no means of judging of the literary standard of the translation, but knowing of the pains and care that have been exercised by President Taylor, from the day in January, 1904, when President H. S. Ensign stated that the time had come to begin the translation of this scripture, and up to the day it was finished, we believe it to be up to the best standards. President Taylor and assistants have labored long, prayerfully and assiduously on this great literary task. In a letter quoted in the *Deseret News* Elder Taylor says:

The blessings of the Lord upon the work have been countless, and the praise and honor and glory for its successful consummation is all his. Elder Fred A. Caine was called to act as assistant in the work, after President Ensign's return home, and in his work as guide, critic and

counselor he has been a pillar of strength through whom the Lord has frequently made known his will regarding translating problems.

The labor has been a most valuable, inspiring and elevating pleasure; so much so, that physical fatigue and mental strains have never reached my heart. In this point I believe Elder Caine has been entirely like myself. His power of application and ability to stick to his work without tiring or wishing for something else, has been a source of gratitude to me and a certain proof that he was the right man for the position. I rejoice that he has been permitted to be with me to the end and know that his integrity in this and his other missionary labors is worthy of a great reward. The support given to the work by all the missionaries who have labored here during its progress, has been a constant memorial before the Lord. The native Saints also have been deeply interested in the work, and hail its completion as an answer to their earnest prayers. Nor is the influence of the faith and prayerful solicitude of our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and all the Saints in Zion, to be forgotten. They have upheld our cause night and morning, in public and in private, and they have ungrudgingly devoted us to the Lord. God bless them!

The first edition consists of 5,000 copies, and the book sells in Japan for 50 cents.

Messages from the Missions.

"Just a little concerning our missionary work at Tonga," writes William A. Moody, President of the Samoan Mission, September 22, "On July 12, 1891, Elders Brigham Smoot and A. J. Butler were sent from the Samoan Mission by President W. O. Lee, to carry the message of the restored gospel to the people of Tonga. Other elders followed, and after almost five years of faithful service, during which time they had succeeded in baptizing twenty-one souls, it was deemed advisable to close the mission. In April, 1897, all the elders were called to return. Again, in 1907, President Thomas S. Court sent Elders H. J. McKay and W. O. Facer to Tonga. These two elders arrived at Vavau, July 13. A few of the earlier converts, who had remained true to their faith during the ten intervening years, were found, and they gave the elders valuable aid in getting the work started once more. Later, Elder M. A. Woolley joined the missionary force, and although there were but three elders

until recently, when their number was augmented by the arrival of Elders L. Ormand, J. C. Olsen and W. B. Wright, they have been privileged to lead sixty-five souls into the waters of baptism. At the beginning it seemed that our membership was to be made up of males only, for the women held aloof, apparently waiting to see whether the new religion (new to them) was going to become popular. However, our present membership contains sixteen females. Among our membership of forty-nine males we have a very unusual collection of names. A few of them are here given, with the hope that the reader will note how the natives take to Bible names: Peter, James, John, John the Baptist, Paul, Methuselah, Sampson, Enoch, David, Ezekiel, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Elijah and Joel.

"The first conference held by the Church in Tonga, by the courtesy of the governor of Vavau, convened July 25 last. We were permitted to use a large government building free of charge; there were present at this conference the six elders above mentioned and the writer. The three meetings of the conference were well attended, and, it being the first meeting of the kind, attracted much attention, and we hope did much good. The day previous being the 24th of July, we celebrated the occasion with a baptismal service, in which ten were baptized, and in the evening a program was rendered by the Neaifu, Haalaufuli, and Mataika schools.

"Prospects are good for a large increase in Church membership at Tonga, in the near future, but while 'the harvest is great, the laborers are few.' The writer was very greatly pleased to hear the many complimentary remarks from foreigners, concerning the zeal, honor and integrity of the elders who are laboring in this conference."

Elder Orson A. Daines presides over the New South Wales conference, having been appointed by President Orme to succeed Elder Spencer, who was released to return home the 27th of September, arriving in Salt Lake, October 22.

"Besides the work being done in Sydney," writes Elder Daniel G. Spencer, "there is established work in Bathurst and Tamworth, two of the second size cities in New South Wales, upon which country work is being done when weather permits. The elders generally have excellent health and make many friends in Sydney, New South Wales. During August and September there were twenty-two baptisms in the conference. The Saints are settled in Sydney throughout a population of 600,000, and therefore have long distances to come to their meetings, but still they appreciate the gospel. The attendance at the sacrament meetings is over 75 per cent. President Orme counted 68 Saints on the



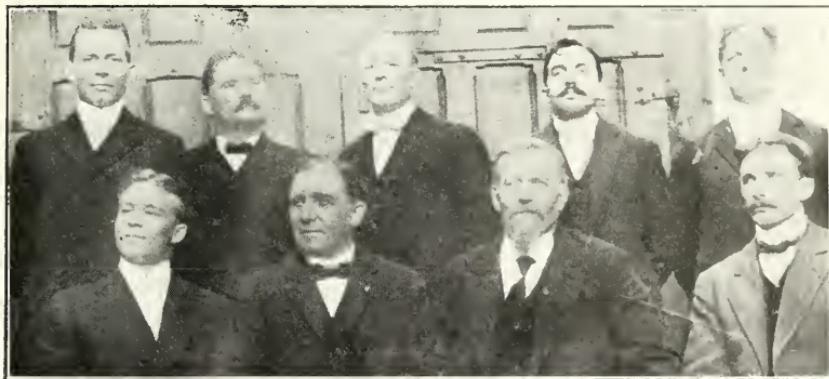
Elders laboring in the Sydney Branch of the New South Wales Conference of the Australian Mission, headquarters at "Victory,"
Pemell Street, Newtown, Sydney.

Top row, left to right: Ezra T. Packer, of Fielding; David I. Tracy, of Huntsville; Leo Cottam, of Snowville; Daniel G. Spencer, of Salt Lake City; Henry D. Day, of Castledale, Utah. Bottom row, left to right: Heber S. Amussen, of Logan; Orson A. Daines, of Cardston, Canada; Mission President, C. Alvin Orme, of Tooele; William Grover McBride, of Tooele; and Elmer Marshall, of Minersville, Utah.

Sunday before I left, and remarked that 'Victory,' the missionary headquarters, will hold very few more. There is a regular Sunday school with an attendance of about 40. These are mostly children, as the older people find it difficult to get in. We also have a flourishing M. I. A. The young men and women meet conjointly. Elder D. I. Tracy is president; counselors are Lucy Rosen, Sr., and W. C. Reid. The elders are all united in the work and feel that Australia is one of the best fields in which to perform a mission. President C. Alvin Orme succeeded Elder William Armstrong as mission president, in December, 1908. President Armstrong had the love and admiration of the entire mission for his untiring zeal and his proficient and fatherly direction of the elders. In President C. Alvin Orme the Lord surely found the man who inspired all with a love for the gospel, and who scatters love and sunshine wherever he

goes. We all feel that with such a leader we would never doubt the success to be attained in the Australian mission. Readers of the ERA, who have friends in Australia whom they desire the elders to call upon, would do well to send their names and addresses to the conference president of the New South Wales conference."

Elder W. Johnson, of the Norrkoping Conference, Sweden, writes, under date of October 18, that Mission President Peter Sundwall, of the Swedish mission, with President N. H. Hallstrom and nine traveling elders of the Norrkoping Conference, held a conference on the 9th and 10th of October. The meetings were largely attended. On Sunday, President N. H. Hallstrom gave a very able lecture on the power and authority of the priesthood as restored to earth by the Prophet Joseph. Two local newspapers commented upon the conference, and gave a truthful synopsis of the talks. One of the articles stated that, from experience, they knew



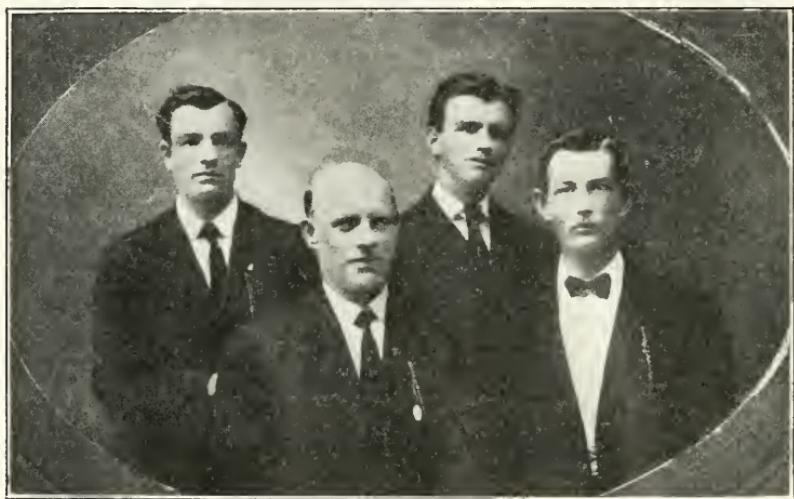
ELDERS OF THE NORRKOPING CONFERENCE, SWEDEN.

Back row, from left to right; C. P. Larson, C. A. Lindstrom, Ephraim Adamson, James Monson, and P. J. Swenson. Front, left to right: Joseph W. Johnson; Conference President N. H. Hallstrom, Mission President P. Sundwall, C. A. Dallquist.

that many good people were found among the Latter-day Saints. As a result many new investigators have since attended our meetings. The elders find many who are eager for the truth. Only little opposition is encountered, and the old priest-painted "Mormon" stories are rapidly fading away under the truth which the people are anxious to hear from the elders. So many people are seeking after the truth that there are

not elders enough to supply the calls. The elders are working overtime to answer the requirements, and are patiently looking for more help.

Elder R. H. Andrus, of the Central States Mission, writes, under date of November 3, from Ennis, Texas: "In the past four months we have made many friends who have been very kind to us. We have tried to correct some of the misrepresentations that are prevalent in relation to the Latter-day Saints. We have obtained the confidence of a number of people, and have thus overcome much prejudice, and have started to teach them the gospel of peace. We feel that we have sown good seeds that will bear an abundant harvest in the future."



THE LONE STAR COMPANY.

Top row: E. T. Carlisle, R. H. Andrus. Second row: T. T. Murdock, N. A. Clement.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Song Book for the Quorums.—The Committee on Course of Study for the Priesthood Quorums, in reply to many solicitations from the quorums for a suitable song book, has decided to recommend, and do recommend, the use of the *Songs of Zion*. We believe that this book will meet the requirements of the members of the quorums more generally than any other publication. It may be obtained from the IMPROVEMENT ERA, or from the book stores, or may be ordered direct from the Northern States Mission, No. 110 South Paulina St., Chicago, Illinois. Price, single copy, cloth, 35 cents, or \$4.20 per dozen, postpaid.

Angels.—In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 129, we read that an angel is a resurrected being of flesh and bones, and the Bible declares that Christ is the first fruits of the resurrection (see I Cor. 15: 23; Acts 26: 23). If an angel is a resurrected being of flesh and bones, how can Christ be the first fruits of the resurrection? We have many accounts of angels visiting the earth long before Christ was crucified and resurrected (Gen. 19: 1; Dan. 6: 22; Gen. 32: 1).

We think our correspondent misapprehends the statement in the 129th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. We read it to mean that there are two kinds of angels: (1) resurrected personages having bodies of flesh and bones, and (2) spirits of just men made perfect, who are not resurrected; both are angels. An angel is a ministering spirit or messenger, and, as the Prophet says, there are two kinds of messengers or angels or beings in heaven. Now, those who visited the earth prior to Christ's resurrection were evidently spirits of just men made perfect, for Christ was the first fruits of the resurrection, and angels with resurrected bodies and pertaining to this earth, could not have existed prior to his resurrection.

First Council Located in Bishop's Building.—Through the courtesy of the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric, the First

Council of Seventy are now located in the Bishop's Building, at 40 North Main Street. For a couple of years past workmen have been busily engaged erecting this beautiful and artistic building. It occupies the south corner of Temple Avenue and Main Street, opposite the Salt Lake Temple. The result of the labors of the past two years is a most beautiful, substantial and commodious building, which is an ornament to the city and a credit to its builders. The First Council of Seventy were very agreeably surprised when offered office room in this splendid structure. At no time since the organization of the Church have they occupied quarters so commodious and comfortable as those now placed at their disposal. In addition to the comfort of the rooms, there is the added pleasure of being in a building that is entirely occupied by Church organizations. The general offices of the auxiliary organizations are housed in the same building and altogether should constitute a most harmonious and happy family. It is the hope of the First Council that as a Council they are at last permanently housed. They feel sure that none of the occupants of the new building will appreciate the change of quarters more than they do. To all concerned in bringing about such a desirable improvement, the Council extends most hearty and sincere thanks.

What Makes Life Livable.—A correspondent writing to *Harper's Weekly*, complains that as a nation we have no use for genius, and explains that the measure of a nation's real greatness in "the history of civilization is the genius it produces." For "genius is the advance guard of civilization. Comfort, ease, physical products, are but the means to produce more genius, more beauty, more spiritual joy in the world." Then the writer pens this truthful paragraph:

For it is not clothes and food and drink and motor cars and furniture and rooms that make life livable, but it is the eye to see, the ears that hear, the heart that rejoices in beauty and nobility, that make life bearable, despite the inevitable evils. The nation that above all others discourages all spiritual delights is the nation that will lead, too, in race suicide, the nation that will be most branded with despair of life.

If that exalted intellectual power which we call genius can so satisfy the spiritual in man as to make life more livable, what shall we say of the power of the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which not only does all that genius accomplishes, but in addition "cheers in darkness, relieves in perplexity, supports in adversity, stands steadfast in prosperity," and leads the enquirer to that exalted harmony with his Maker, which insures unbounded hope for the future life, and complete enjoyment in the present!

The mission of our Priesthood quorums is to create and develop in the lives of our membership the full glow of the spirit of the gospel, and to prepare the brethren to reveal to others the principles of life, the healing balm that shall make their lives more livable.

Seventies' Course in Theology—Third Year Book.—The quorums of Seventy throughout the Church are expected to take up the study of the Third Year Book at the first quorum or class meeting in January, 1910. There may be some of the quorums that have not completed the Second Year Book; if this be so, the members of all such quorums are instructed to finish their study of the work, privately at home. It is the desire of the First Council that all the quorums commence consideration of the Third Year Book at the same time. The adoption of this recommendation will give uniformity to the work in all the quorums, and enable the brethren who may be under the necessity of moving from one locality to another, to continue their studies without interruption, as they will find the same lessons being considered wherever they may go.

The Doctrine of Deity will be the subject of the Third Year Book. It will contain much information bearing upon this all-important subject, as made known in the revelations of the Lord in this latter dispensation. In addition to the "Mormon" view of God, a mine of valuable information will be found in the work, presenting the views that have been held regarding the Creator by various peoples, in different periods of the world's history. The coming year should be a time of very great interest among the Seventies. Elder B. H. Roberts is preparing the lessons on the Deity, and this is a guarantee that it will be thoroughly and intelligently handled. The work is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for distribution by December 10.

Presidents of quorums should at once ascertain how many copies of the new year book will be required in their various quorums, and orders for the work should be sent in as early as possible. Every Seventy in the Church should be persuaded to purchase the year books as they issue from the press. All year books should be carefully preserved when purchased, as frequent references will be made to them from year to year as other text books for the Seventy are prepared. The number of year books ordered should be limited only by the number of Seventies in each quorum.

Mutual Work.

Change of Location.

Through the courtesy of the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, we are pleased to be able to announce that the offices of the General Superintendency and the IMPROVEMENT ERA will be located in the new Bishop's Building on upper Main Street, Salt Lake City. All communications after the 15th of December should be addressed to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, Rooms 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, where we invite all our friends and patrons to call and see us.

The Fund and the Era.

The attention of stake superintendents and ward officers is directed to the fact that the time for making collections of the General Fund is the second week in December and in February. Envelopes were distributed in early November to the stake superintendents, and should now be in the hands of the officers of the associations. We trust that this important matter will be attended to promptly, and that each organization in the Church will seek to make its contribution this year 100 per cent, which means 25 cents from each member of your association. A little extra effort will enable you to bring your ward up to this basis. Brethren, let us make this year a banner year in this matter of the General Fund contributions. In this connection, if you have not already made a thorough canvass for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, see to it that this shall also have immediate attention, as we desire to this year have every ward reach the five per cent of the Church population limit. Let us all give a lift.

Presidents Winder and Lund Members of General Board.

At a meeting of the General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations held on the 27th of October, President Joseph F. Smith nominated Presidents John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund as members of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., and they were unanimously sustained. The Mutual Improvement Associations are to be congratulated upon receiving into the General Board these brethren whose influence and efforts for the Mutual Improvement cause are sure to be felt for great good throughout Zion.

Passing Events.

R. S. Lovett was elected president of the Union Pacific Railroad on October 21, to succeed the late E. H. Harriman.

That Commander Robert E. Peary reached the North Pole, April 6, 1909, was unanimously decided by the National Geographical Society, Washington, after examination of the evidence presented by the explorer. Whether any one [Cook] reached the pole prior to that time was referred to the Committee on Research to report upon. The University of Copenhagen declined to let the Committee be present at the official examination of Dr. Cook's papers.

Fisher S. Harris died in Salt Lake City, Monday, November 8. Mr. Harris was a remarkable character in the history of Salt Lake City and the West. He was born in Norfolk, Va., September 19, 1865, and came to Salt Lake City when twenty-one years of age. He first acted as clerk in the old Continental hotel. His ability, bright talents, and genius were ever exercised for the building up of Salt Lake City in every commendable way. He organized the Commercial Club, and was prominent in Democratic politics.

Hirobumi Ito, president of the Privy Council of Japan, and former governor-general of Korea, was assassinated by a Korean, at Harbin, October 26. While the Korean assassin sought to avenge his country by this act, it is the general opinion that he did his country a very doubtful service, for Prince Ito, who thus paid with his life for Japan's Korean policy, was counted a real friend to Korea. Professor Ladd, of Yale, a close friend of Prince Ito, says: "Korea has lost its wisest, most devoted and powerful friend." His death should be a warning to Japan to stay the hand of the oppressor.

General Oliver Otis Howard died on October 26, 1909. He was the last of the Union commanders of the Civil War, and a man of whom

Sherman wrote to Grant, saying, "I find him a polished and Christian gentleman, exhibiting the highest and most chivalrous traits of character." He was born in 1830, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1854, commanded a brigade at Bull Run, was at Antietam, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, marched with Sherman to the sea, made major-general in 1886, and retired in 1894. He visited the Joseph Smith monument last summer, and then uttered a sentiment on faith, printed in the November ERA, well worthy of record. He was esteemed much like the late Edward Everett Hale. He was 79 years of age.

Halley's Comet, so named from Edmund Halley, the great English astronomer, who died in 1742, has again made its appearance, and the honor of first seeing it fell to the men at the observatory at Heidelberg, Germany. The comet is coming nearer the earth at the rate of many thousand miles a minute, but will not be visible to the naked eye until next April or May. The planet according to the predictions of Halley, returns at regular intervals, about every 75 years, having first, as far as records go, appeared in 1456, then in 1531, then in 1607, and again in 1682, 1759, and 1835, and now again in 1909. It was named after Halley, because after extended observations and calculations, he declared, in 1682, that it was the same comet that had appeared at these various prior dates. His prediction has now had three verifications. The appearance of this heavenly spectacle is an impressive reminder of the incomprehensible vastness of space, and the wonderful laws which control the universe of God.

The "North Dakota," which recently left the yards of the builders at Quincy, Mass., for a builders' trial, is the largest battleship yet built for the United States Navy. It is a little shorter than the British Dreadnought, but faster and more powerfully armed. It is built differently from any other vessel of the American fleet, and is the most up-to-date ship in the world. Two more ships like her are being built, the *Utah* and the *Florida*. Each of her big guns throws a shot weighing 750 pounds, so that at one broad-side the *North Dakota* can throw 7,500 pounds of steel into its opponents, and two of these shots can be thrown from each gun in a minute. She is of 21,000 horse-power, has twin screws, and can go twenty-one nautical miles an hour, and carries 2,340 tons of coal. She has two skeleton masts, so constructed that after 60 per cent of the tubes and cables have been cut away, the masts will still hold together. When in commission, the *North Dakota* will carry 840 men. Her cost, without armor, is \$4,000,000.

City Elections in Utah were held on the 2nd of November. Salt Lake City re-elected John S. Bransford, "American" candidate, by a vote of 13,773, which is a plurality of 7,557 votes, and a majority of 1,055. The total vote in Salt Lake City was 26,609. In the third ward only were Fusion members elected.

In Ogden city, William Glassman, Republican, and a complete Republican ticket was elected. Mr. Glassman obtained 153 votes over the Democratic candidate, former Mayor A. L. Brewer.

Brigham City elected Thomas H. Blackburn, Republican, mayor.

Logan went Republican in every department, Mayor Anderson receiving 64 majority. The people also decided for prohibition three to one.

In Provo the Independent, anti-prohibition, party won, electing all the general city officers.

Lehi changed from Republican to Democratic, and voted for Prohibition, with Ed. Southwick, mayor, who received 99 majority.

Huntsville, a town in Weber county, decided against continuation as an incorporated city by a vote of 139 to 133.

The winning tickets throughout the state were generally mixed.

Professor Francisco Ferrer, a Spanish educator, and formerly director of the "Modern Schools" at Barcelona, Spain, was by court-martial condemned, and was executed October 13, charged with having incited the rioting of last summer. He was also under suspicion of complicity in the attempted assassination of King Alfonso, on the day of the king's marriage, but had been acquitted on this charge. After his court-martial, protests from Spain and many European countries were made against his execution, on the ground that the trial had been unfair, and that his condemnation had been brought about by the clerical influence of monks and ministers. An appeal to King Alfonso in Spain was made by the despairing daughter of the professor. Violent demonstrations against the government in Paris, Berlin, and in Rome and other Italian cities, followed the execution. The last words of Francisco Ferrer were: "Aim straight. Long live the modern schools." Mr. Reinach, the eminent historian, is quoted in the *Literary Digest* as saying:

Ferrer has been the victim of the monks, who having been reinforced by their colleagues expelled from France, are all-powerful in Spain. We did not think that Spain would have dared to defy the conscience of mankind by this act. The king should have intervened.

The Modern Schools, which Prof. Ferrer, who was lately executed, established throughout parts of Spain, are breeding-spots of anarchy,

according to the prosecuting attorney for the supreme court of Barcelona. That is one justification which the Spanish government gives for its course in refusing to stay the execution of the schoolmaster, Ferrer. What are these "modern lay schools?" A correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following extract from a text book of a Barcelona lay school, which, if it proves anything, proves very truly that these schools, which the government doubtless hopes will die with Ferrer, are extreme and dangerous protests against existing educational and social conditions in Spain:

Society today is divided into the privileged and the disinherited. The former usurp everything, while the latter die of hunger. That capital should appropriate the fruit of the workman's labor is an injustice supported by the law. Religious education inculcates falsehood and teaches foolishness. The soldiers uniform conceals crimes against humanity and the misery of his own existence. To maintain order is to maintain injustice against the working man. . . . All religions are based on ignorance and imposture, and aim at exploitation and oppression. The gospels relate the life of the so-called Jesus Christ, and it is truly a misfortune that such ideas exist for the deceiving of the people.

To prevent the further teaching of such abominable and vicious principles, the Spanish clergy and government should wake up from their mediæval methods and be aroused to the needs of their people by granting them reasonable privileges, greater liberty, better schools, and more opportunities for modern education and progress. If the people must obtain these on their own account, it is likely that continued extreme and unwarranted measures will be resorted to on their part.

Elections were held in over a dozen states, November 2, but only in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Virginia were governors and full state tickets elected. The Republicans carried the first two and the Democrats the third. New York elected Justice Gaynor, a Tammany candidate for Mayor, but the board which controls the expenditure of the city funds was lost to Tammany. San Francisco elected a Union Labor candidate for mayor, and defeated Francis J. Heney for district attorney. He has been very prominent in anti-graft prosecutions. In Boston a very interesting reform city charter was adopted, providing for nomination by petition, without party designation, instead of by convention.

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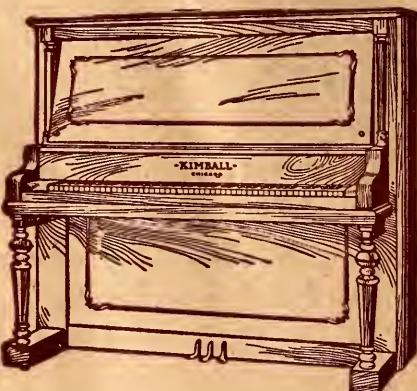
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